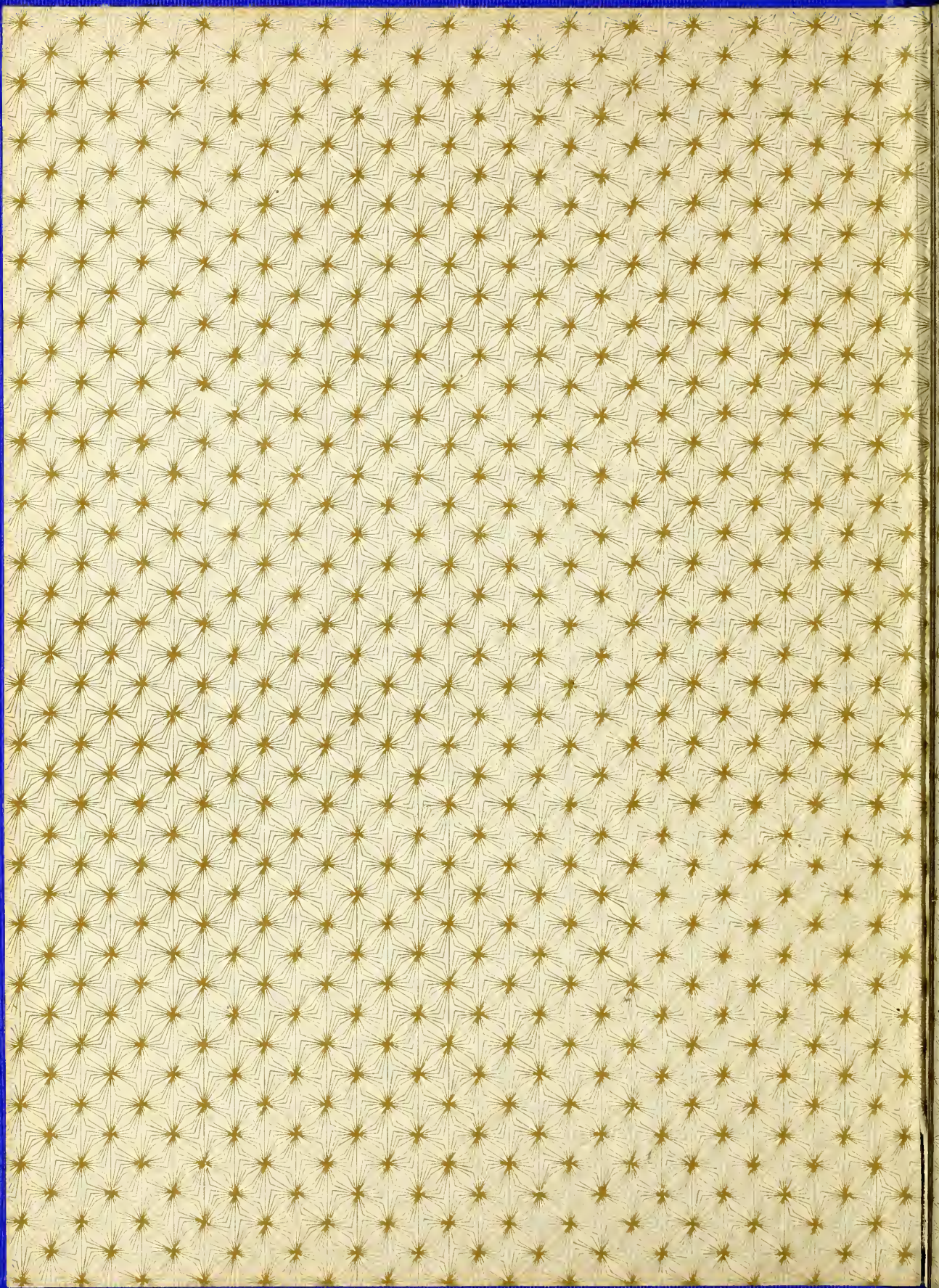
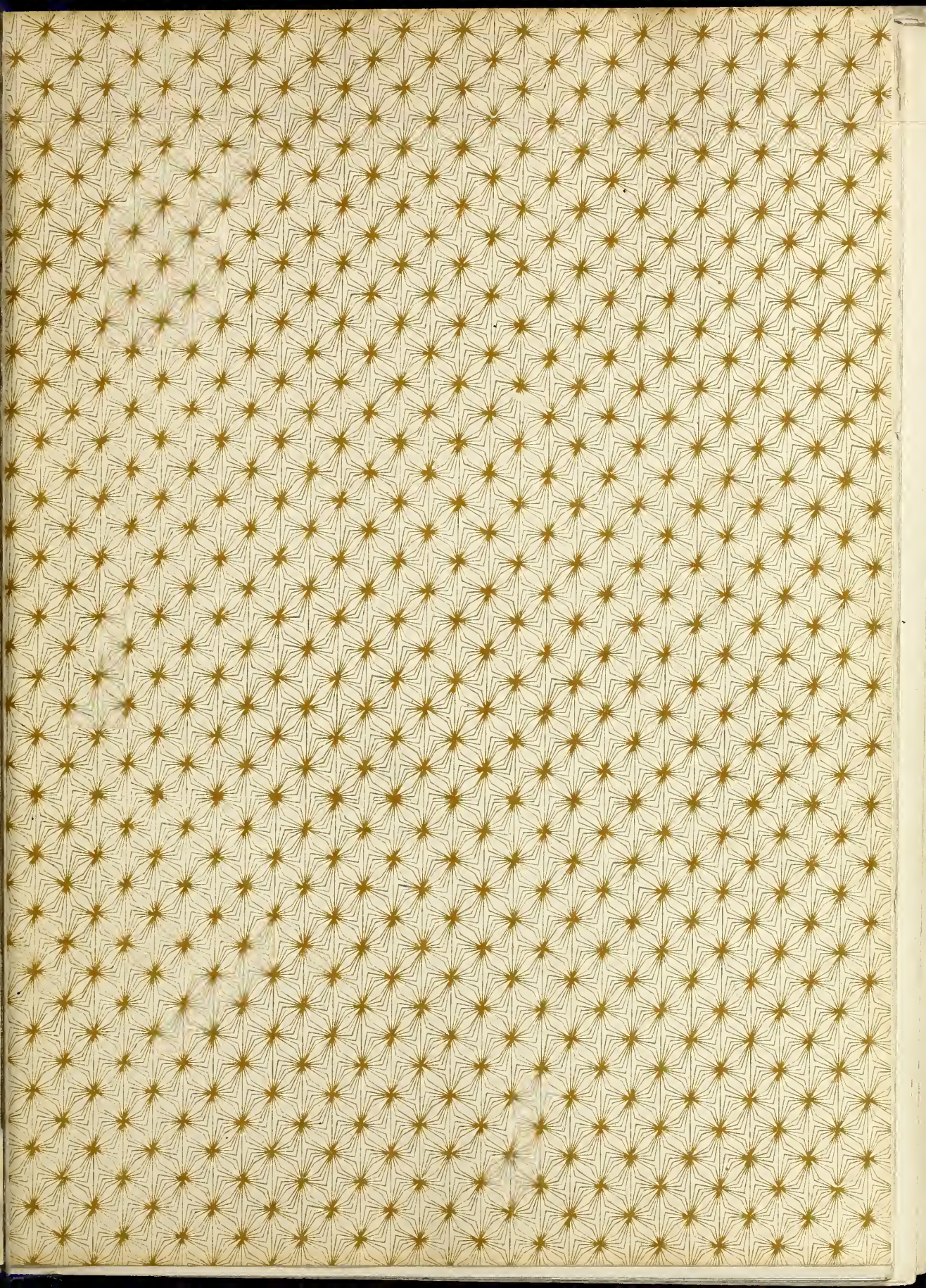
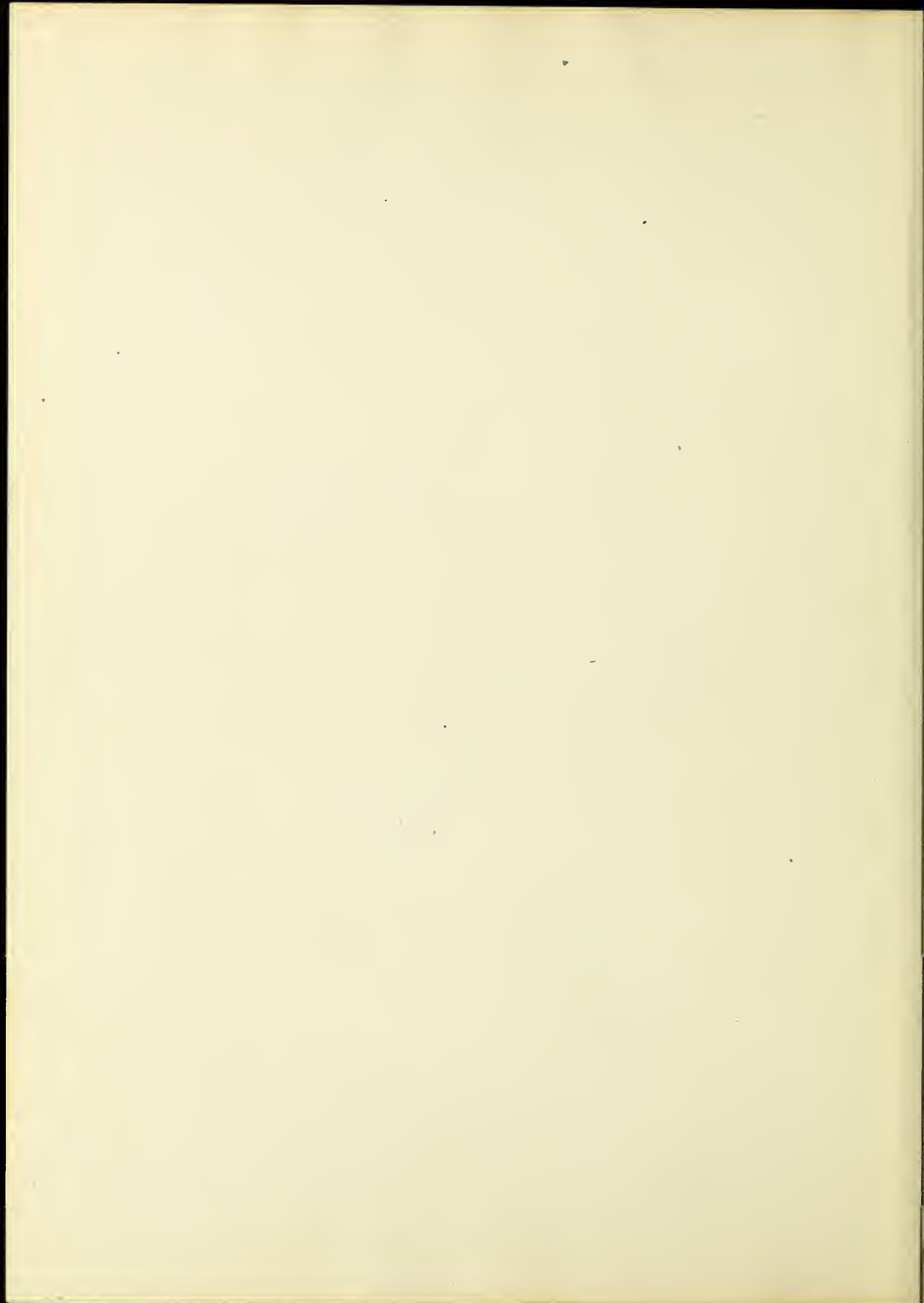


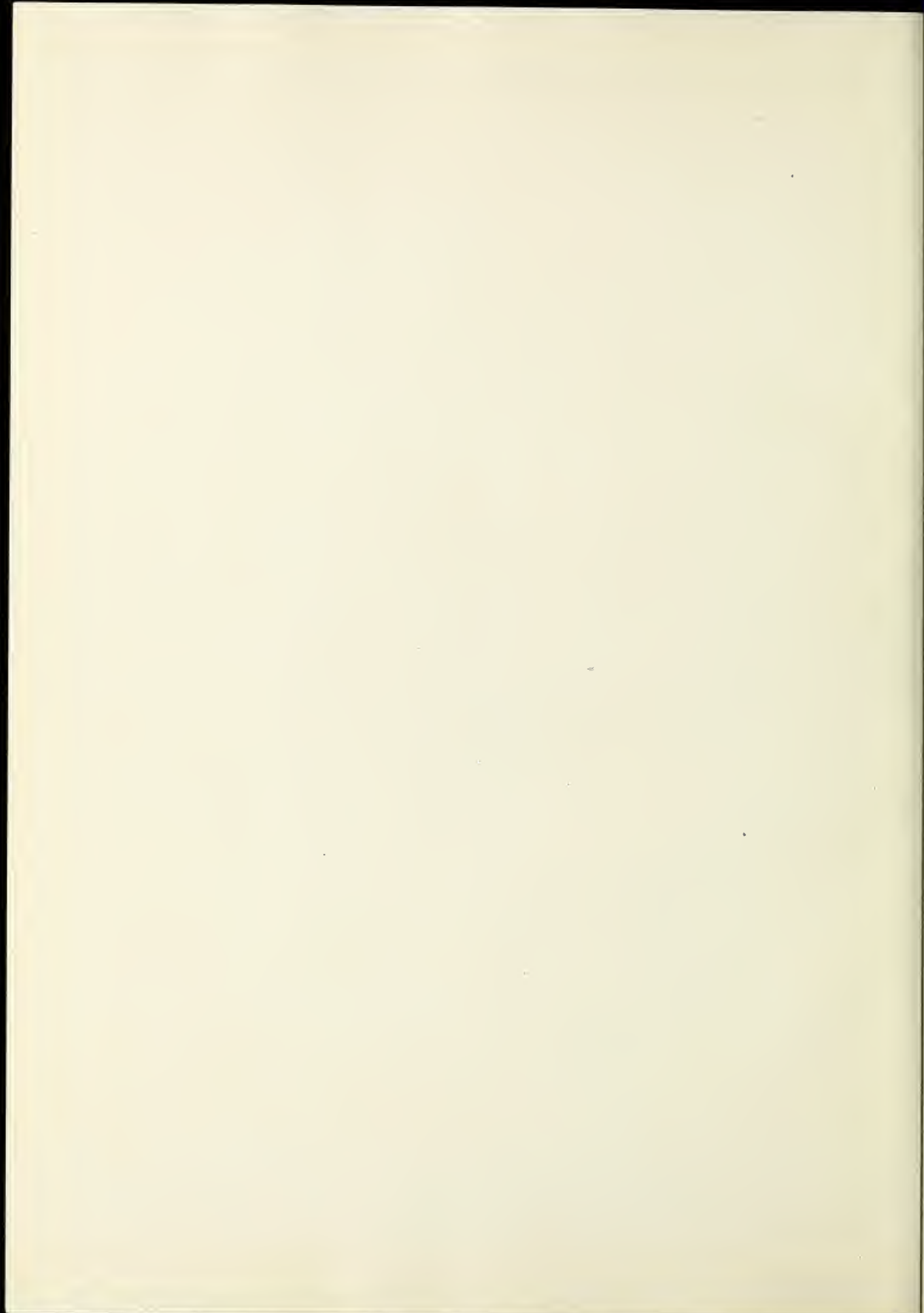
Artemisia

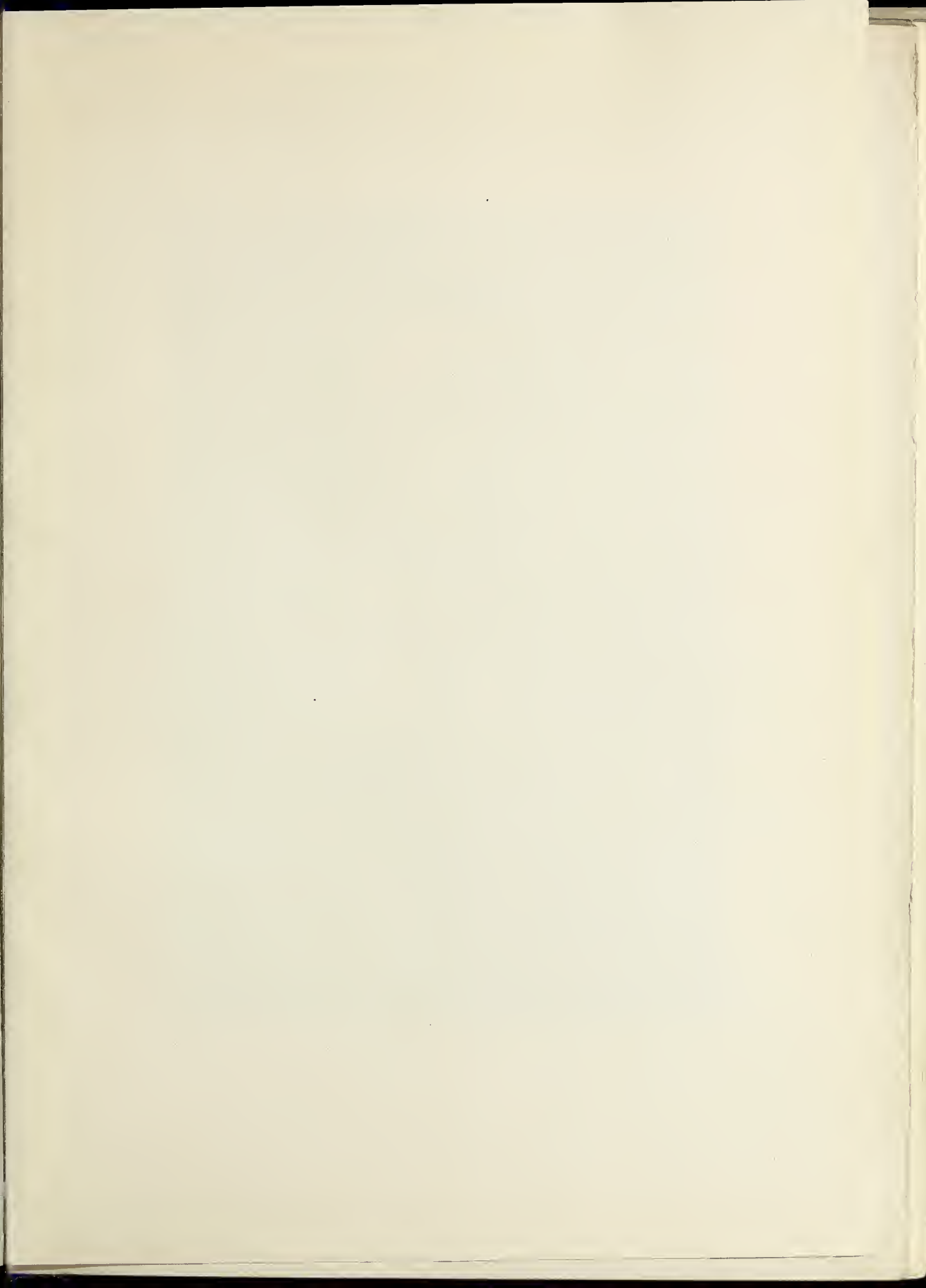
1903













RICHARD BROWN

TO whom this book is dedicated, has been with the University since its infancy. He is a man of wide practical experience. His Alma Mater was that of many of the world's most famous men---The World---and his present position in the University of Nevada is due alone to his integrity and personal worth.

He has endeared himself to every student who ever attended the University, and none who called on Mr. Brown for aid was refused. His patience is long-suffering, and the heart that beats in his sturdy bosom is too large for the tenement of clay in which it is contained.

In after years, when old memories come crowding up, when our race has been nearly run, whether success or failure be our portion, the one image that will stand out in bold relief against the vistas of the past, will be the kindly face of RICHARD BROWN.

Journal Press
Reno, Nevada



Artemisia Staff

BERNARD FRANCIS O'HARA, *Editor-in-Chief*
GOODWIN STODDARD DOTEN, *Literary Editor*

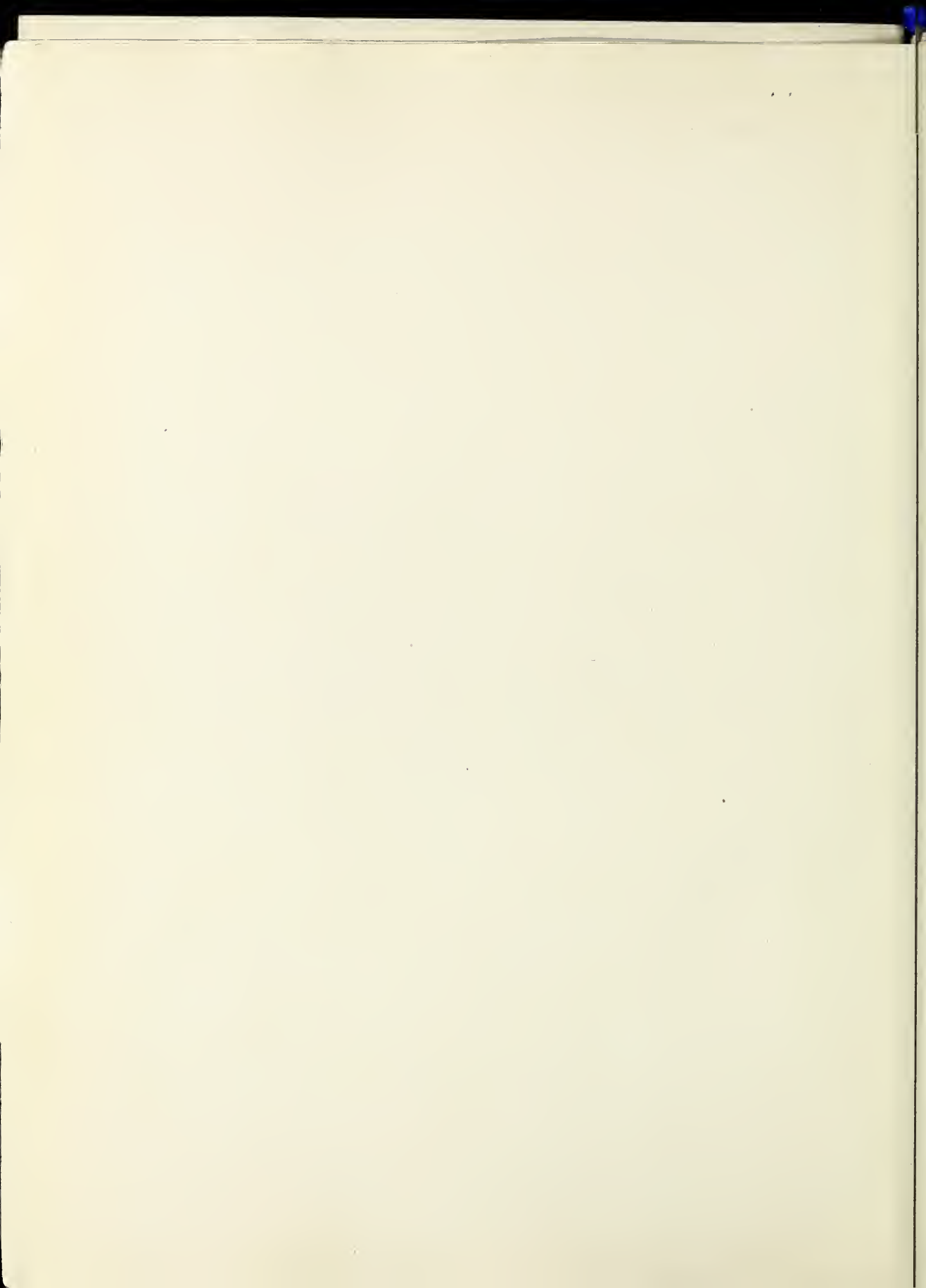
WILLIAM ALBERT WOLF, }
JOHN OWEN McELROY, } *Josh Editors*

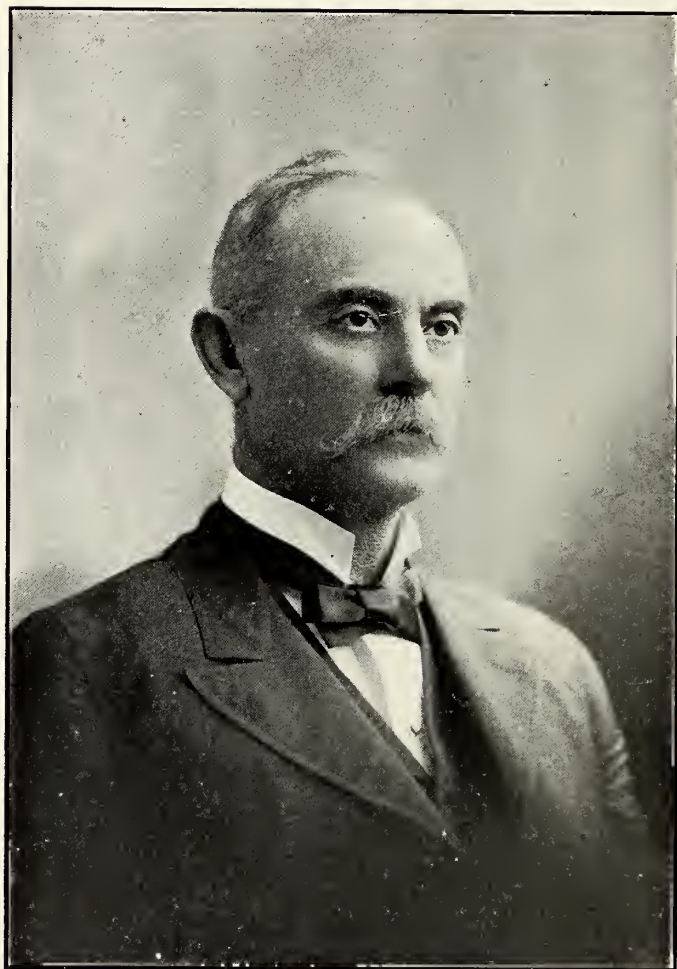
WOLFER BURT HARRINGTON, *Campus*

ROBERT WINFIELD HESSON, }
JAMES GORDON McVICAR, } *Photography*

SAXE WILTON McCLINTOCK, *Art Editor*

MARCUS GIVENS BRADSHAW, *Business Manager*
FREDRICK WHITAKER, *Assistant Manager*





Governor John Sparks

JOHN SPARKS, present Governor of the State of Nevada, was born in Winston county, Mississippi, August 30, 1843. He came to Nevada in 1868, during the White Pine excitement, and located permanently in Elko county in 1881, engaging in farming and stock raising. In 1889 he moved to Reno. Since then, besides the cattle business, Governor Sparks has been largely interested in mining; the Wedekind property he purchased in 1901.

Our Governor's life on the Texas frontier was one of extreme hardship. For four years during the civil war period he fought against the many wild tribes that infested the country. In 1875 he was commissioned as Captain of the North Platte Guards. He assisted in the subjugation of the Sioux and Cherokee Indians. Throughout President Grant's administration he saw hard service.

Like all men, however strenuous their lives, he fell a victim to Cupid's unerring eye, and was married in 1879.

The first man in Nevada is a striking figure. Tall, with piercing dark eyes and broad shoulders, he looks not unlike some Roman soldier clad in the garments of the twentieth century.





OUR months of constant effort have at last borne fruit and the Artemisia of 1903 is open to your perusal.

In publishing the Artemisia we have tried, so far as lay in our power, to break away from the beaten path followed by our predecessors. That air of sameness which characterizes many annuals becomes monotonous, and takes away the charm of expectation with which the University waits for the real chronicler of the year's doings.

Our one aim has been originality. If our readers think we have accomplished this, well and good; if otherwise, we care not, for the opinion of a college community is too fickle to receive much consideration.

Those who have been immortalized by the Josh Editors should be gratified, and not seek to do these overworked individuals bodily injury.

In defiance of all precedent, we take this opportunity of apologizing to the Faculty for our many shortcomings, but deep down in our hearts we know that, had we to live them again, our college years would be spent with the same disregard to decorum that we have already shown.



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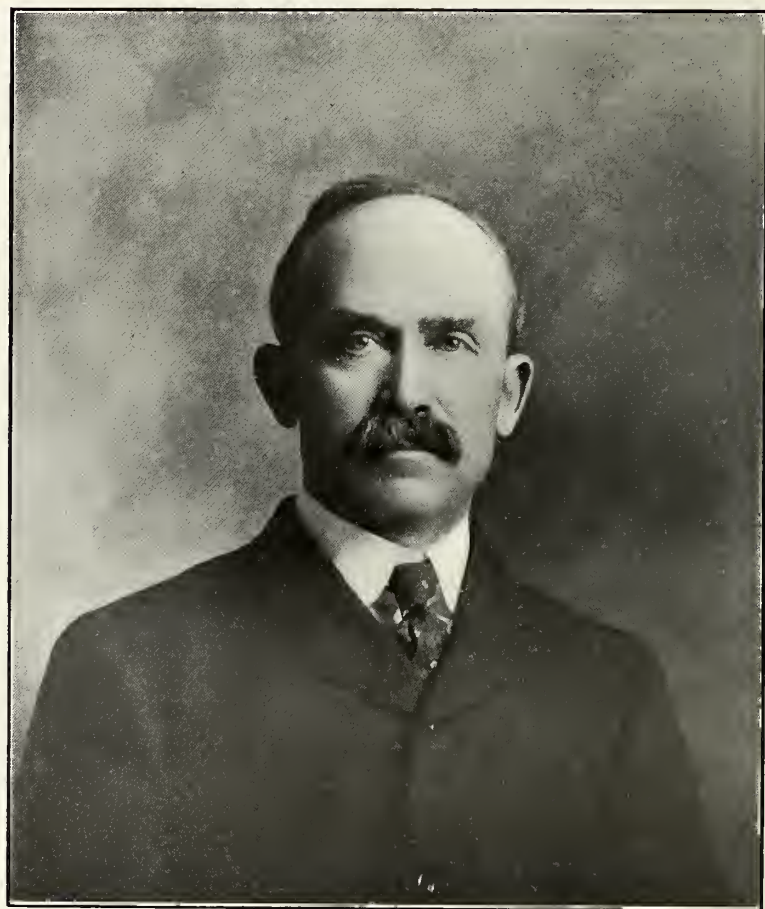
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THE

BOARD OF REGENTS

J. N. Evans
Richard L. Loomis
W. W. Booker

TEAR





The U. of N. Faculty

JAMES EDWARD CHURCH, JR., *Professor
of the English Language and Literature.*

B. A., University of Michigan, 1892.
Ph. D., University of Munich, 1901.



MRS. ALICE L. LAYTON, *Instructor in
Vocal Music.*

Graduate New England Conservatory of Music.



SAMUEL BRADFORD DOTEN, *Instructor
in Mathematics and Entomology.*

B. A., Nevada State University, 1898.

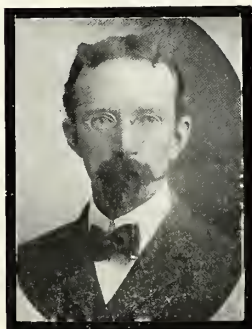


WARD DEAN McNEILLY, *Proctor.*



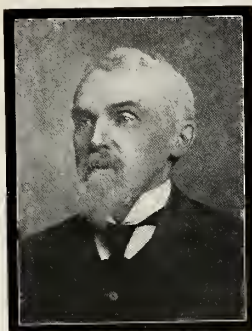
KATE BARDENWERPER, *Instructor in
Domestic Arts and Science.*

Graduate of Armour Institute of Technology, 1900.



GORDON H. TRUE, *Professor of Agriculture
and Animal Husbandry.*

Graduate Wisconsin University



LAWRENCE F. J. WRINKLE, *Professor of
Mining and Civil Engineering.*

Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1870.



MILDRED MAUDE WHEELER, *Instructor
in German.*

B. A., Nevada State University, 1895
M. A., University of California.



HARRY HERBERT DEXTER, *Librarian.*

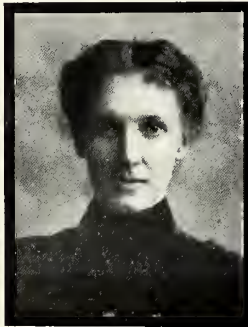
B. A., University of Nevada.



PETER FRANDSEN, *Assistant Professor of
Zoology and Bacteriology.*

B. A., Nevada State University, 1895.

A. B., Harvard University, 1898; A. M., 1898.



JENNIE ELIZABETH WIER, *Assistant
Professor of History.*

B. D., Iowa State Normal School, 1893.

B. A., Leland Stanford Junior University, 1901.



GEORGE DAVIS LOUDERBACK, *Profes-
sor of Geology, Physics and Mineralogy.*

B. A., University of California, 1896; M. A., 1897.



LEWIS ANDREW DARLING, *Instructor in
Mechanical Engineering and Drawing.*

B. M. E., Kentucky State College, 1900.

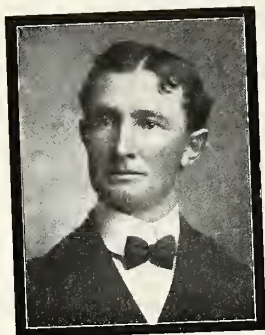


MRS. NETTIE WEIDMAN BLUME, *Mis-
tress of the Girls' Cottage.*



LYSANDER WILLIAM CUSHMAN, *Pro-
fessor of the English Language and Lit-
erature.*

B. A., Pierce Christian College, 1883.
B. A., Harvard University, 1886.
M. A., Drake University, 1899.
Ph. D., Gottingen, 1900.



THEODORE CLARK, *Superintendent of the Farm.*



LAURA DE LAGUNA, *Assistant Professor of the Modern Languages.*

B. A., Leland Stanford Junior University, 1894



CHARLES R. FITZMAURICE, *Assistant Chemist.*



ELIZABETH S. STUBBS, *Office Secretary.*

B. A., Nevada State University, 1899.



ROMANZO ADAMS, *Professor of Education and Sociology.*

Ph. B., Michigan, 1897.

Ph. M., Michigan, 1898.

Ph. D., University of Chicago, 1902.



CALLIE BECKWITH, *Assistant Office Secretary.*

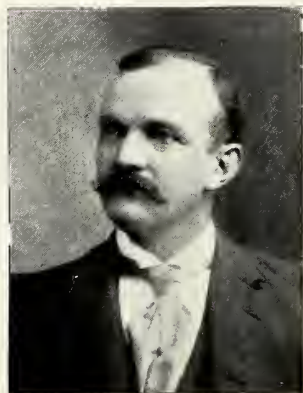


RICHARD BROWN, *Master of Lincoln Hall
and Superintendent of Buildings and
Grounds.*

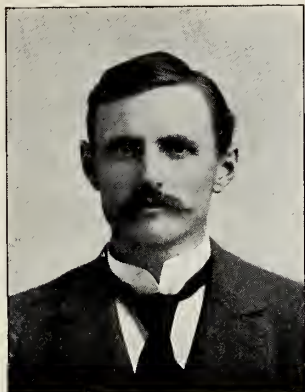


PATRICK BEVERIDGE KENNEDY, *Associate Professor of Botany and Horticulture*

B. S. A University of Toronto, 1894.
Ph. D. Cornell, 1889.

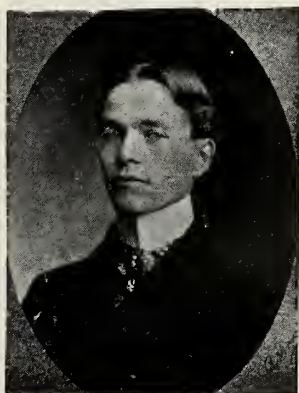


ROBERT LEWERS, *Registrar, Professor of
Logic and Principal of Commercial School*



HENRY THURTELL, *Dean of Faculty, Professor of Mathematics and Mechanics.*

B. Sc., Michigan Agricultural College, 1888.



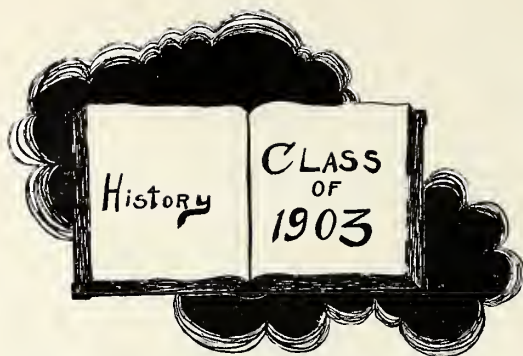
GEORGE FREDERICK BLESSING, *Professor of Mechanical Engineering.*

B. M. E., Kentucky State College, 1897.



NATHANIEL ESTES WILSON, *Professor of Chemistry and Dairying.*

B. Sc., Maine State College, 1888; M. Sc., 1893.



The Record of a Year

By President Jos. E. Stubbs

WHAT a significant title! The Record of a Year! The college man or woman who has done his best for himself or others has so far added to the strength of his college in scholarship, in athletics, in society. The college man or woman who has failed to live up to the standard which the best college opinion has established has so far subtracted from the character of the college in scholarship, in athletics, in society. For a college is a community of souls bound together by common aims and aspirations, by common pursuits and enterprises.

The Record of a Year! Of the individual student it is a record of mingled success and failure. He has kept step with the better music, but he has not always refrained from lagging in his step. He has preserved the general trend of college life, but has not always maintained the high ideals with which he entered upon his course of study. He has, for the time being, seemingly forgotten the main purpose of his coming to college. Instead of being a place of earnest effort, he has found it possible to be idle for a time. But only *for a time*. Sooner or later he comes to grief. Instead of realizing that every day makes or mars his character for industry and achievement, he treats the present as of but little moment, but dreams of a good time coming, when he will lead men by his judgment or his speech. Then when he is rudely awakened from his dream, it is only to find himself far behind in the equipment of scholarship and discipline and fit to take only a subordinate place in the world.

Looking at the last year as a whole, it is the record of a good year. In some respects it marks an advance over previous years. The students have given evidence of growth in those ideas and habits of conduct which have also given better standards of student life. There are still serious deficiencies on the part of some. Instead of putting classes and lessons first, they give themselves to society in its various phases and let their lessons and scholarship have the remnant of their time and strength. This is a serious mistake, because it puts the

minor in place of the major, the incidental in place of the important and necessary. But even with this mentioned as a fault to be overcome, it has been a year full of good work, of healthful sport, and of a disposition to cultivate manliness and womanliness in all the relations of student and social life.

Commencement season of 1902 was profitable and instructive. President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California gave the Baccalaureate sermon. What a treat it was! Thoughtful, without startling paradoxes; reasonable as a common sense way of putting things is reasonable, and yet inspiring and spiritual in the highest degree.

The scholarship address was delivered by E. S. Farrington, one of the leading lawyers of Elko and eastern Nevada. His address was a strong plea for more intelligent and more conscientious discharge of the common duties of citizenship, especially by those who enjoy the benefits of the best education the State is able to give.

The Commencement address by David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford Junior University, will long be remembered by those who heard him and heard him at his best.

The address was strong and wise. It seemed to me that President Jordan had gathered together all his best thoughts from his best speeches and then had liberally poured out this richness of thought and feeling into the hearts and lives of those about to graduate.

The retirement of Captain H. C. Clark at the close of the year and the engagement of Captain C. T. Boyd as Professor of Military Science and Tactics and as Commandant of the Cadets was an event of importance. The administration of the Military Department by Captain Clark was far from being satisfactory, but it was owing to his physical disability, brought upon him by hard service in the army, that he was not able to do his work at this College in a manner that was agreeable to the officers of the University. In personal character Captain H. C. Clark is above reproach, and he deserves the respect of the students for his honorable career in the army of the United States.

The coming of Captain C. T. Boyd was an auspicious event. A thorough disciplinarian yet tactful, he has brought the Cadet Battalion to a very satisfactory standard at present, with the assurance of advancing proficiency. Captain Boyd is not only a capable Commandant but he is a good teacher, as is shown by his lectures on Military subjects. He has suggested several important changes which have been adopted. Among these may be mentioned the bill passed by the last Legislature which requires the Governor to commission the officers and, after they graduate, to carry them upon the roster of Commis-

sioned officers of the State subject to the call of the Governor in case of need; and further the issuing of warrants to the non-commissioned officers by the President of the University, upon the recommendation of the Commandant. The Cadet Corps has full confidence in Captain Boyd and take pleasure in observing his wishes and obeying his commands.

The Athletic events of the University have made an excellent record the past year. Not that the reward has always been according to the merit of our men, as we have thought, but yet that the recognition has been substantial and the interest for the future bids fair not only to be maintained but to be increased.

The Football season, which held the first place during the first semester, was full of surprises. We had a good team, perhaps the best that the University has placed upon the gridiron. In the games upon our own field, we showed the ability and training of veterans. When we went to California we did not make so good a showing. There are several reasons for this, but the principal one is, I think, the want of experience with teams of equal merit upon our field during the season of practice. If the coming year shall see the organization of a team by the Wheelmen's Club, this obstacle to our successful playing will be overcome.

The young women of the University have made a most excellent showing in Basket Ball. They are playing a better game than ever before. Individual excellence gives way, when necessary, to the well-drilled team work. They do not play to the galleries, but play into the hands of each other. They watch each other and help each other in a really marvelous way. All honor to the girls who work for the honor of their University!

The Declamation contest and the track events of the Academic League of the High Schools of the State is exciting unusual interest this year and will undoubtedly be earnestly contested. The League is conducted under the supervision of the University Athletic Association.

The work in debate has improved and will grow in the esteem of the students until debating is recognized by all the students as worthy of their best efforts.

And now the Class of 1903 draws near to the close of its history as an undergraduate class. It deserves well at the hands of the Regents and Faculty. It has maintained the proper dignity and worth of Seniors. It has sought to cultivate good fellowship and good order. It has cooperated in maintaining the Crucible Club and the Literary Societies. It has fostered Athletics and Debating.

Vale, Class of 1903! Salve, Alumni of 1903!

The Student Body

THE organization known as "The Student Body" is the nearest approach to student government, as known in Eastern Universities, that we have here. A system of government by the students was tried for a time, but no one seemed to enter into it with the right spirit, and, like many other good things in the U. of N., it was dropped, or to speak truthfully, the Faculty reached out its mailed hand of justifiable oppression and took the right of dealing out justice.

The Student Body, as it is, has control as far as the "divine right" of the Faculty permits, of all the Athletics and also of Debating. It is the Athletic Association. Managers for the different sports are elected by each class. This makes four representatives for the committee, and there is a representative for every department of athletics. The Senior members of each committee are managers for the different teams. The officers of the Student Body are: President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, and are elected by the vote of the whole Student Body. The Treasurer has charge of all the A. A. funds he can beg or borrow from the Faculty.

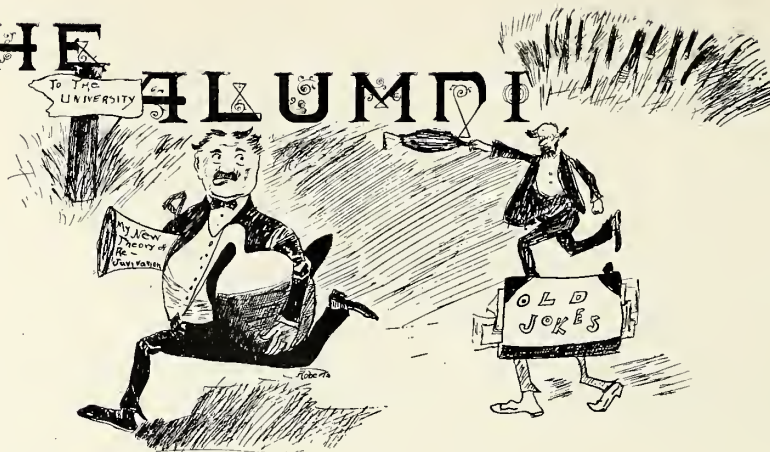
When a student registers, he or she pays an Athletic fee. A committee in the Faculty—the Athletic Committee—takes charge of most of this, and makes strenuous efforts to keep the students out of debt. All bills must be passed on by the Executive Committee, the President and other officers of the A. A. and managers of the different teams. If they decide to pay the bill, they have to consult the Faculty committee. When anything is to be bought, the President of the Student Body brings his unusually brilliant oratorical powers to bear on the afore-said committee. They respond sometimes to eloquence that would cause moisture to ooze from a blast furnace or drive an optomist to the verge of suicide.

Officers:

President	- - - - -	JOHN O. MCELROY
Vice President	- - - - -	W. A. WOLF
Secretary	- - - - -	JEANETTE CAMBRON
Treasurer	- - - - -	EDGAR LEAVITT



THE ALUMNI



President

SAMUEL B. DOTEN, '98

Vice President

MRS. J. M. FULTON, '95

Secretary

GRACE V. WARD, '95

Treasurer

KATE RIEGELHUTH, '97

Executive Committee

S. B. DOTEN, '98 MRS. J. M. FULTON, '95 GRACE V. WARD, '95
KATE RIEGELHUTH, '97 ELIZABETH STUBBS, '99
A. W. WARD, '96

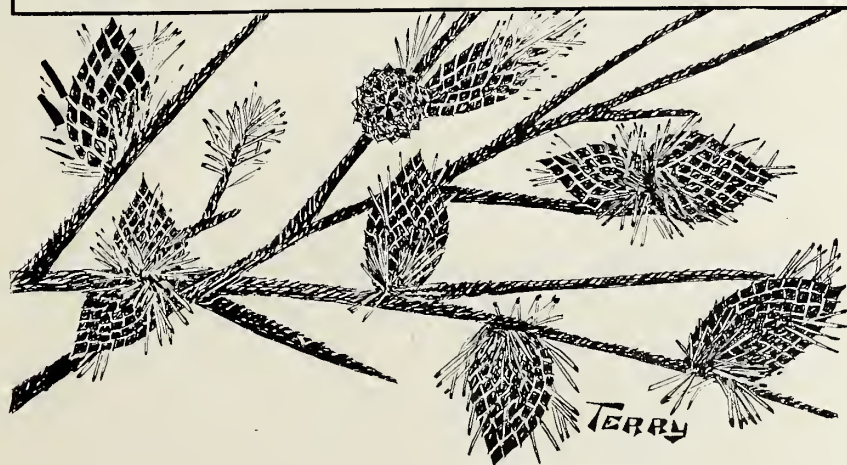
Committee of Co-Operation

JAY H. CLEMONS, '96 A. W. CAHLAN, '96 F. H. NORCROSS, '91
E. E. CAINE, '93 H. H. DEXTER, '99





CLASSES.





The Senior Class

FLORENCE KENT, "Dick," *L. A.*

"Maiden, when such a soul as thine is born,
The morning stars their ancient music make."

Wadsworth High School (3, 4); Delta Rho (3, 4); A. T. P. (3, 4); Philomathean (2, 3, 4); Basketball Manager (4); Y. W. C. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Vice President (3); Class Treasurer (4).

Stillwater, Nevada.



S. M. MCCLINTOCK, "Terrible Terry," *Mines.*

Lost heavily on the Corbett-McGovern fight.

When he swings his mighty arms,
The air is filled with wild alarms.

Born in Missouri, poor lad!

B. S. Vashon College, '97; Sigma Alpha (4); Art Editor ARTEMISIA; Crucible Club (3, 4); *Record Staff* (4). Recites "Fuzzy Wuzzy."

Tacoma, Washington.

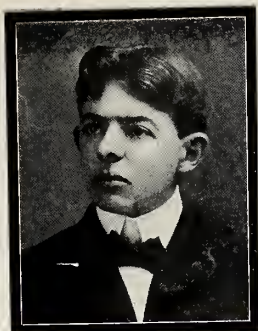


R. W. HESSON, "Bob," *Mines.*

"O, good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world."

T. H. P. O. (2, 3, 4); Captain Co. A (4); Second Eleven (3); Class Track Team, Football and Baseball Teams (1, 2, 3, 4); Class President (2); Crucible Club (3, 4); Business Manager *Student Record* (4); ARTEMISIA (4); Treasurer Philomathean.

Elko, Nevada.



W. B. HARRINGTON, "Truthful," *Mines.*

"Strange tales and stories he relates and wondrous are his jollies."

Virginia City High School, '97; Volunteer Torrey's Rough Riders; Class Track Team (1); Class Football Team (2); *Record* Staff (2, 3, 4); ARTEMISIA Staff; Cadet Band (1, 2, 3, 4); First Lieut. Band (4); 'Varsity Glee Club (3, 4); Class Vice President (4); Crucible Club (3, 4).

Virginia City, Nevada.



ELIZABETH RAMMELKAMP, *L. A.*

"But she was a soft landscape of mild earth."

Y. W. C. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Philomathean (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Secretary (4).

Dayton, Nevada.



MIRA ARMS, *L. A.*

"A sweeter maiden ne'er drew breath."

Normal, '01; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4).

Beckwith, California.



PEARL SNAPP, *L. A.*

"The Angels sang in Heaven
When she was born."

Theta Epsilon (2, 3, 4); Philomathean (1, 2, 3, 4); Y. W. C. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Secretary (2); Class Vice President (4); Class Treasurer (4).

Rebel Creek, Nevada.



GOODWIN DOTEN, "Goody," *L. A.*

"The sweetest lady this side o' Heaven."

Reno High School, '98; Delta Rho (1, 2, 3, 4); Associate Editor *Student Record*, (1, 2, 3, 4); Literary Editor ARTEMISIA; Class Secretary (1); Cane Rush (1).

Reno, Nevada.



J. V. COMERFORD, "Ginger," *L. A.*

"Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune so it
make noise enough."

Santa Clara, ex-'03; Independent Association; Second Eleven (3, 4); Present Editor *Student Record*.

Virginia City, Nevada.



FRED WHITAKER, "Squirts," *Mines.*

"This was the noblest Roman of them all."

Missouri School of Mines, ex-03; Captain Co. B (4); Assistant Business Manager ARTEMISIA; 'Varsity Baseball Team (3); Class Baseball Team (2, 3, 4); Vice President Crucible Club (4); Sigma Alpha (3, 4).

Durango, Colorado.



LILLIAN ESDEN, "Queen," *L. A.*

She is a queen;
And many slaves has she, I ween.

Wadsworth High School, '99; Basketball Team (4); Class Secretary (3); Delta Rho (3, 4); A. T. P. (3, 4); Y. W. C. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Tennis Manager (3).

Wadsworth, Nevada.



DELLA LEVY, *L. A.*

"As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels."

Reno High School, '99; Delta Rho (4); Class President (4); Philomathean (3, 4).

Carson, Nevada.



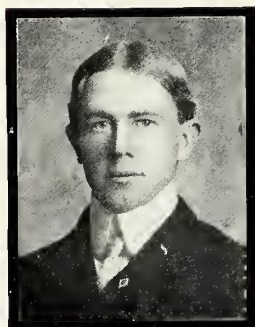
CARRIE ALLEN, "Mrs. Nation."

Good morning, Carrie!

Her tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

Silver City High School; President Philomathean (4); Class Debating Team (3); Class Secretary (3); Dummy Rush (2).

Silver City, Nevada.



FRANK BARKER, "Pete," L. A.

"Know you he loves her? I heard him swear his affection "

Carson High School, '99; Sigma Alpha (2, 3, 4); Manager Track Team (3); Track Team (3, 4); Broad Jump Record; Captain Co. B (resigned); Captain Baseball Team (2); Philomathean (3, 4) Cartesia (2, 3, 4).

Carson, Nevada.



A. T. TAYLOR, "Pious," L. A.

"His voice was ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in a woman."

He blasphemes long, loud and furiously.

Cartesia (2, 3, 4); Class Debating Team (3,4); Class Treasurer (3).

Susanville, California.



E. A. STEWART, "Pink," *Mines.*

"Away, begone, and give a whirlwind room,
Or I will blow you up like dust!
Avaunt."

Man of refined taste; prefers champagne to beer.
Helped to make Milwaukee famous.

Reno High School, 99; Sigma Alpha (2, 3, 4);
Class President (2); Class Track Captain (1);
'Varsity Football Team (2, 3); Class Football
Team (2); Class Track Team (1); Cru-
cible Club (3, 4).

Reno, Nevada.

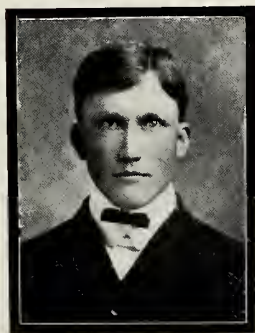


ARTHUR KELLY, "Klondike," *Mines.*

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."
The silent man—speaks only when spoken to.
The boy wonder.

Class President (4); Class Treasurer (2); Cru-
cible Club (3, 4); Second Lieut. Co. A.

Crescent Mills, California.



J. P. MACK, "Silence," *Mechanics.*

"He was a verray perfight gentil knight."

T. H. P. O. (1, 2, 3, 4); Football Manager
(02); Captain Co. A (02); 'Varsity Track
Team (2).

Dayton, Nevada.



MAE WILSON, *L. A.*

"I never saw an eye so bright,
And yet so soft as her's."

Reno High School, '99; Normal, '01; Class Secretary (1, 3); Class Debating Team (4); Philomathean (2, 3, 4).

Reno, Nevada.



J. O. McELROY, "Modoc," *L. A.*



"His heart is as far from fraud as Heaven from Earth."

A confirmed spiritualist, known to hold communion with departed spirits.

Sigma Alpha (3, 4); First Lieut. Co. A; Class President (3); Class Baseball, Track and Debating Teams (1, 2, 3, 4); 'Varsity Debating Team (2, 3); 'Varsity Football Team (3, 4); 'Varsity Baseball Team (4); Debating Manager (4); 'Varsity Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; President Student Body; ARTEMISIA Staff; M'gr. Academic League (4); Lyncher (1, 2, 3, 4).

Stanley, California.

JAMES G. McVICAR, "Knocker," *Mines.*



"The mistress which I serve quickens the dead,
And makes my labours pleasures."

Easily influenced by the ladies. When in their presence becomes frisky, turns handspings, etc.

Sigma Alpha (3, 4); Class Vice President (2); Class Football and Baseball Teams (1, 2, 3, 4); Assistant 'Varsity Football Manager (3); 'Varsity Track Manager (4); ARTEMISIA Staff (4); Philomathean (4); Crucible Club (3, 4).

Smith Valley, Nevada.



C. SCHOER, "Hoss," *L. A.*

"Come, lay thy head upon my breast
And I will kiss thee into rest."

The man of one dimension, guaranteeing to become sentimental with anything wearing petticoats. Perpetrated the class constitution; he has suffered for it since, however; Treasurer Cartesia (3).

Clover Valley, Nevada.

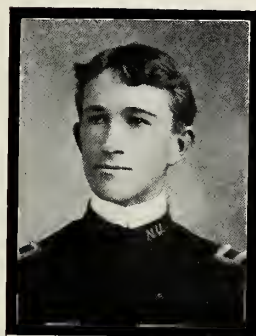


MABEL RICHARDSON, *L. A.*

"And if any painter drew her,
He would draw her unaware.
With a halo 'round the hair."

Delta Rho (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Secretary (2); Class Treasurer (1); that is why the class is bankrupt; *Student Record* (2, 3); Cane Rush (1).

Reno, Nevada.



M. G. BRADSHAW, "Gimmie" *Mines.*

Reno High School '99; *Student Record* (4); Business Manager ARTEMISIA; Class Treasurer (3); Second Lieutenant Co. B—more ornamental than useful in drill; Secretary Crucible Club (4); Philomathean (4); Glee Club (3, 4); Varsity yell leader (4); Ra-ampse! "Go on, mighty man."

Reno, Nevada.



ANNA JOHNSON, *L. A.*

Sweet lady, you have yet to learn
That, as a poet, I won't adjourn.
As sweet as the candy she eats.
"O, give me some candy, dear mamma, dear mamma,
For you know I love it so;
And surely you'll oblige me, oblige me
With another box or so."

Salt Lake High School '00; Theta Epsilon
(3, 4); Class Secretary; (4); Y. W. C. A.
(now and forever).

Eureka, Nevada:



E. J. ERICKSON, "Bodyguard," *Mines*

"Win her by gifts, if she respects not words.
Dumb jewels oft in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind."

T. H. P. O. (2, 3, 4); H. R. M. J. First
(4); A. A. Treasurer (3); Social Manager
(3 ; First Lieutenant and Adjutant (4); So-
cial Lion (1, 2, 3, 4); Crucible Club (4).

Eureka, Nevada.



E. P. LEADBETTER, "Pork," *Mechanics*

"Brave spirits are a balsam to themselves."

Reno High School, '98; Sigma Alpha (4);
Baseball Manager (4); Class Baseball and
Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain Class Football
Team, 'Varsity Football Team (3, 4).

Reno, Nevada.



OLLIE WEATHERS, "Ollie," *L. A.*

"By my troth, a pleasant, spirited lady. There's little of the melancholy element in her."

Delta Rho (3, 4); A. T. P. (3, 4); Class Vice President (3); *Student Record* Staff (4); Class Secretary (2); Basket Ball Team (2, 3, 4); Philomathean (3, 4).

Deeth, Nevada.



B. F. O'HARA, "Barney," *Mines.*

"Let the world slide, let the world go
A fig for care and a fig for woe"

Red headed president of the Salvation Army.

A face like a benediction.

St. Mary's College ex '02; T. H. P. O (3, 4); 'Varsity Football Team (2, 3, 4); 'Varsity Baseball Team (3); Captain Class Football and Baseball Teams (4); Editor-in-Chief *Student Record* (4); Editor-in-Chief ARTEMISIA; Philomathean (4); Crucible Club (4).

Virginia, Nevada.



N. A. WOLF, "Ajax," *Mines.*

Once a friend, the cliffs that breast the sea
Are not more staunch than he.

Great exponent of Omar Khayam's virtues.

Winnemucca High School '99; T. H. P. O. (3, 4); Cadet Band (1, 2, 3, 4); Lieutenant of Band (4); 'Varsity Football Team (4); Class Track, Football and Baseball Teams (1, 2, 3, 4); Class President (3); ARTEMISIA Staff; Assistant Business Manager *Student Record*; Philomathean (4); Crucible Club (3, 4); Vice President A. A.

Winnemucca, Nevada.



JAMES G. PECKHAM, *Mines*

When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live 'til I were married.

Sigma Alpha (3, 4); First Lieutenant Co. B (4); Class Baseball Team (1, 2, 3); Class Football (2); Class Track Team (1); Crucible Club (3, 4); Class Vice President (3); Married (4).

Reno, Nevada.



F. H. LUKE, "Majah," *Mines*

"I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly."

Sigma Alpha (3, 4); Cadet Major (4); Captain Second Eleven (3); Class Baseball Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Varsity Baseball Team (3); Varsity record for 220 hurdles; Class Football Team (2); Crucible Club (3, 4).

Reno, Nevada.





Naughty-Three as She Has Been

IN the fall of '99 there assembled, with purpose of deep determination to absorb such success-giving nourishment this institution affords, a merry group who were destined to retain their earliest tendencies of viewing Life's problems from the brightest and best standpoints. Their real, initiatory introduction to college life was a two weeks' warning of what to expect from the extremely egotistical Sophomore Class.

But in a never-to-be-forgotten contest, the like of which has never since been witnessed on this campus, we, "the verdant bunch of Reubes," evinced a stamina that quickly won recognition for us from the upper-class men and a wholesome respect from our precedented rivals.

In our class work we established a standard that we may ever point to with pride. Shortly before Christmas we entertained the Sophs in a style typical of true Western hospitality.

Shortly after our return from our holiday visits, we were condescendingly told by an obliging "friend" we would be so badly scored against in the inter-class baseball contest that we might have it come lighter on us if we forfeited the game, by so doing the score could be but 9-0, whereas it would otherwise be simply overwhelming.

Having heard such boastful prophecies heretofore, however, we declined to follow his "well-meant" advice, and victory was ours with a score of 17-16. It was a noticeable fact that up to the final inning our rivals whooped it up strongly, reminding us of a conclave of coyotes paying tribute to fair Luna, and at its termination evinced charac-

teristics of the aforesaid by silently and stealthily stealing away.

Just prior to this time, our Sophomore friends, envious of attentions showered on us from all sides, determined to obtain cheap notoriety by painting their class number on Regent Evans' new fence, near the Mechanical Building.

After our game we determined to give them a strong reminder of what they had suffered at our hands, not so much because we desired to humiliate them unduly, but because their boastful proclivities led them to hint at our quiet and peaceful motives being impelled by sundry attacks of *Pedibus F. Arcticus*.

Knowing they would attempt retaliation, we wisely set sentinels to guard the fence, but unfortunately grim Morpheus gained control of our sentries and the bold, bad, "spirited" (in one way to excess) Sophs daubed our handiwork beyond recognition, and but for the mysterious and unlooked-for appearance of our beloved "Prexie," we would have made our foe pay dearly for his fun.

Things were, however, amicably settled, and we proceeded to forget the incident. Not so our rivals. Piqued at their repeated failures and our utmost indifference for them, they challenged us to a track meet. The experience of a year stood them well in hand and we met with our first defeat.

The Spring Term approaching a close, soon found us preparing to assume the Sophomore mantle, our desire being to conduct things in a manly and honorable way. Vacation life was hailed with joy and all thoughts were intent on profitable pursuance of our respite in college life.

At the beginning of our new duties, upon our return, we were sorry to find that of twenty-three men engaged in the class rush of the previous year there were left but thirteen.

Thirteen men to do battle with but thirty-four. We again demonstrated our "never-say-die" spirit by following college precedent to the letter and accepting an inevitable defeat which delighted our Junior friends far more than the victors themselves.

The former, now knowing they had allies who, by force of numbers, could do what they themselves never could, put up a dummy on the ruins of the Agricultural Station. "Cupid" Barker, single-handed, took it down and we were enjoying a fine mix-up when the "Prex" interfered and the dummy served to generate steam in the shop boiler.

In this year we experienced what no class did or probably ever will: mean, contemptible, underhanded annoyances, plainly emanating from an upper-class source. But "thro' thick and thin" we persisted

in giving a smile for a blow and a song for a hurt. Such harmony as pervades the atmosphere surrounding us must surely augur a like return of nought but blessings in our real life to come.

We both gave and received hospitable entertainment from the "Baby" clas and ended a half year of anything but bliss. The following semester we wisely desisted from removing a caricature of ourselves from the reservoir, because we knew such a procedure might have been attended with serious results. If '04 wishes to glorify and proclaim from the housetops their conduct in this affair, they should surely reason as we did, but reason and might "gang aft aglee," and they may interpret as they will. In all these contests our girls stood nobly by us and their class feeling has always held them high in our esteem and put them on a basis firm and adamant. Where masculine brawn had won for us, it was always ably seconded by feminine inspiration and confidences.



Shortly after the dummy episode, the most unique offence to Freshmen feelings and general decorum, was perpetrated by us when we spirited a "jack" and inscribing him liberally with "'04," put him in the tennis court to receive welcome from his comrades. They believing, however, he had reached a higher plane of mentality than they, modestly refused to bring him to their level, but insisted he should attain full Sophomore rank. Of course we did not protest, but con-

gregated to warmly welcome our new classmate, when the Freshies objected and we mixed things. Results—Lincoln Hall Sophs and Freshies banished for two weeks at a time of financial stress and town papers recommending we all be tried for vagrancy or give evident means of support.

By combining forces we were able to meet the issue and treated the affair in our usual happy-go-lucky fashion.

Upon our return from exile we resumed our usual duties and, having gained experience from a former year, at the approach of Commencement we were prepared to appreciate that festive period to the utmost. By this means we gained social prestige and upon Commencement Day left behind us all the cares and tribulations of a two years' turbid voyage, and were eagerly willing to accept what Fate

should decree in our college life as upper-class men. Up to this point we had been unconsciously having our characters moulded to some extent and now we could see what possibilities were within our scope. We determined to forego the policy of our predecessors and let the lower classes fight it out without any interference or assistance from us.

We applied ourselves assiduously to our work and allowed events to shape themselves. Our proteges easily won the customary cane rush and celebrated it in their own way.

We did organize a football team, but our old rivals refused to play us and for obvious reasons.

In an inter-class debate we were defeated, but the margin was so close that the decision as to which were the better would involve much argumentation, so we merely claim a standard closer than that given us by the judges' decisions.

In social lines, as in everything else, '03 was recognized as proficient, and as entertainers we have a record from the ever-to-be-remembered Junior Prom.

While we have never shown very much serious mindedness in any of our undertakings, results show that labor accompanied and intermixed with fun, can accomplish as much as close application, with unswerving zeal, produces.

Professors, not taking the view we do of such proceedings, insist that we are not getting the full values of our courses, but it remains for the future to conclusively show whether we are equal to those who have gone before. A condition prevailing here as elsewhere has much to do with the adoption of the policy we pursue. It is an indisputable fact that a man, showing marked proficiency in special lines, attains no more credit than the one not so blessed.

The second semester found us vigorously pursuing our routine work when smallpox must needs disturb our happy dwelling place and owing to ideas we, as independent American citizens, insisted upon asserting we were banished from this realm of knowledge for a period of time that seriously affected our work for the rest of this year. But "live and learn" is an expression oft quoted to us, and now we applied it both ethically and practically.

That we did surmount these difficulties is a source of much credit to us. In the art of surveying and mapping the mining class accomplished a piece of work in which the experience undergone was of inestimable value and the result highly creditable.

Our lives have by this time become so closely associated with the steady growth of our vigorous institution, so we naturally seem to be part and parcel of its every advancement; and just we, ourselves, are

an important factor that might make or break future advancement. That our influence has been to its betterment may well be said, for there has been no friction of students among students or students and faculty.

Our men in actions still insist they are boys, but the will and power of a man and the heart of a boy may go well together. Our philosophical turn of mind will smooth Life's pathway leading to success without souring our temperaments otherwise liable to bruise and distortion in the ever-hastening, ever-struggling stream of the multitudes.

We are now deserving of respect, and certainly hold recollections fated to be the most pleasant ones of our lives.

Our dearest wish is when we leave this dear old place we will never be forgotten, and that when parting must come "Fare thee well; and if forever, still forever, fare thee well!"

Officers:

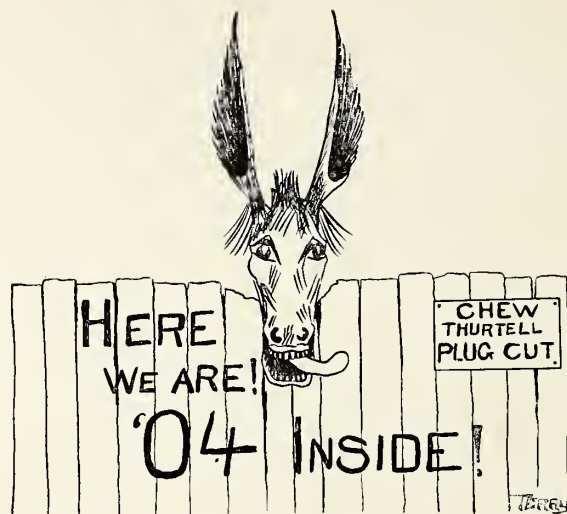
First Semester

President - - - - - DELLA LEVY
 Vice President - - - E. RAMMELKAMP
 Secretary - - - - - PEARL SNAPP
 Treasurer - - - - - M. G. BRADSHAW

Second Semester

President - - - - - ARTHUR KELLY
 Vice President - W B. HARRINGTON
 Secretary - - - - - ANNIE JOHNSON
 Treasurer - - - - - PEARL SNAPP





The Class of '04

THIS excellent aggregation of brains and beauty, immediately upon its entrance to our college, took the responsibility of assuming the arduous duties of conquering the mighty '03's. A class organization, superintended by the gracious '02's, was effected, but the harmony pervading such meeting was severely encroached upon by presumptuous mandates from the upper class which would, if followed out, have entailed no end of trouble to members of the Baby class.

Indeed, the spoutings of the Junior sponsors were of such an anarchistic nature and possessed such a fiery line that the poor Freshies were simply bewildered as a mortal must be, transported from our mundane sphere to the regions of Dante's Inferno. Receiving assurances they could accomplish easily what '02 men ever failed to do, the new-comers marshalled a force of thirty-four men against a mere handful, thirteen determined Sophs, and after a valiant struggle the babies were declared winners, which brought heaps of joy to the hearts of the noble Juniors.

Doubtless believing this one victory made them invincible, when the football season arrived they confidently issued a challenge to their rivals, but where numbers were even though weight was in their favor, the science of the older class balanced the avoirdupois and the game resulted in a tie.

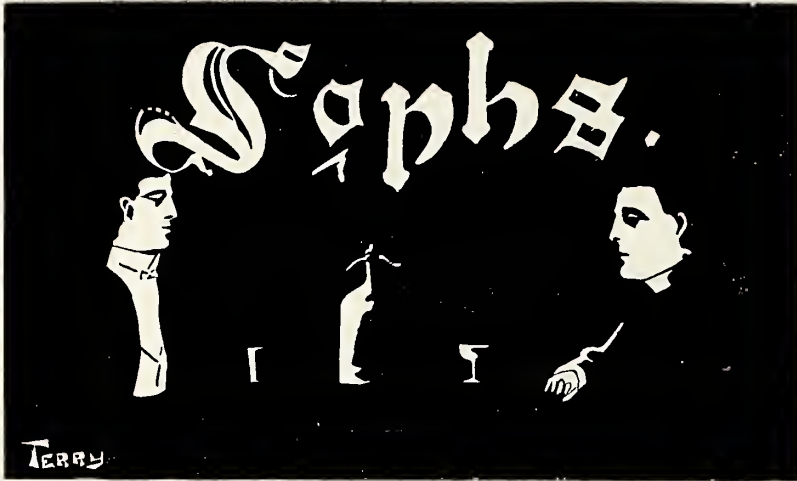
All former wrong-doing of both classes was mutually forgiven at the Freshman Glee, and here we give '04 her due. As entertainers she possesses as pleasant and agreeable company as one would wish to

meet. The following spring evidently showing too much tendency toward continuance of friendships inculcated at the Freshman Glee '02 again put wild thoughts in the empty pates thirsting for knowledge, gracious or otherwise. A caricature of the rival class was neatly stationed in the reservoirs near the cottage, but '03 again used good judgment and remarkable discretion; not through fear, for did not one knight easily and single-handed already remove the offensive sign afterwards replaced by a zealous "freshie." The expense of its removal '04 had to bear: Thereby discord arose between them and the powers that be. Repeatedly incited they attempted artistic stunts on Regent Evans' fence, thus precipitating upon themselves the wrath of the rulers. It not being mentioned as objectionable to adorn the person of a "jack," with class symbols, one fair morning '04 was enriched by the addition of a member afterwards assumed to have been of superior mental abilities. Verdict, after resulting "rough house," highly favoring '03, and an opportunity for members of both classes living in Lincoln Hall to reap the fruits of their folly and kiss and make up.



The Sophomore year was one of comparative quiet. The Freshies had convinced '04 the futility of competing against them in a cane rush, but '05 maintained her superiority as being mighty handy with the ball and bat. But alas! when visions of pennant were serenely presenting themselves to the mind's eye in the present year '03 showed them how she is played and the sanguinary visions soared heavenwards beyond the ken of mortal vision. The co-eds of this grand aggregation are dear little things and will infuse pleasant memories in the minds of all those graced with their acquaintanceship. A more detailed account of this noble class we will leave for them, for 'tis easily seen that none can so vividly paint as those who clearest see.





Class History

EVER since the Class of '05 was organized there has not been any lack of detractors of that glorious band. However, we have triumphed over all our calumniators and go down to our Junior year with an unstained record.

In the cane rush we vanquished the Sophomores, expectant of victory and white "weskits," and buried the hatchet at the Freshman Glee, where we proved our ability as entertainers. The football game, though declared a tie, was practically a victory for the Class of '05.

Our intellectual attainments outshone even our athletic record and won for us the inter-Class Debating Cup.

Outside of these things, the history of our Freshman year was uneventful, the time being devoted to the attainment of that scholarship which has since won such golden opinions from our instructors.

In the beginning of the present year, the Cane Rush, which had formerly decided the white vest question, between the under classes, was superseded by a tug-of-war. Believing that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," we took measures to prevent the attendance of certain of our opponents on that occasion. A husky Freshie, peacefully sauntering to a social function with a fair maiden by his side, was waylaid and hauled off to a convenient barn. He unfortunately escaped, however, in time to help win the tug-of-war for the Freshmen, who also captured the football game by a score of 5 to 0.

One fine morning, soon after, the assembled students gazed upon Regent Evans' much abused fence decorated with the following script:

"Freshies, a dare, '05, to Ma's and Our Babies, the Freshie Class."

The Freshies attempted to alter the decorations, but the Sophs disliked their ideas of art and renovated the fence with a few emendations.

Shortly after this, the S. S. S. S. was organized, an association whose composition and purposes remain shrouded in the profoundest mystery. It will be a perpetual legacy to every odd numbered Sophomore class hereafter. The Freshies however regard it with suspicion and distrust.

Late in the semester some more than usually foolish Freshmen abstracted an outhouse from somewhere in the neighborhood and emblazoned thereon the class number of the Sophs. Battle ensued early next morning. The yell-leader gave the alarm with his trusty "38," but in vain. The Sophs, though few in numbers, triumphed completely over the Freshmen hordes, so that soon not one board was left standing on another.

The great events of the second semester were, the forcible introduction by the Sophs of a '06 pig into society at the Freshman Glee, the inter-Class series of baseball games, where we vanquished the Freshies by a tremendous score, and afterwards defeated the victorious Seniors in a fiercely contested game, winning the inter-Class pennant for the Class of '05. Another victory was the Freshman-Sophomore Debate, wherein our intellectual supremacy was once more made manifest, the judges, by a unanimous vote, awarding the victory to the Class of '05.

'Twere too long a task to enumerate our virtues, even if modesty did not forbid it. Suffice it to say, that it is universally conceded that the Sophomore Class contains the homeliest boys and the prettiest girls to be found in the U. of N.

Class Officers:

First Semester.

President - - - - DEAN BRADLEY
Vice President - - - BESSIE COOKE
Secretary - - - - LOUIS SPELLIER
Treasurer - - - - - H. CHISM

Second Semester.

President - - HARRY STANDERWICK
Vice President - - LEIGH WORTHING
Secretary - - - - - OLLIE WISE
Treasurer - - - - - H. CHISM



THE Freshmen have not as yet shown any evidences of genius. In their class history, written by one of themselves, was shown the promising future stretched before the young juveniles. We could not take such a favorable view of the situation, inasmuch as their proclivities for loud talking and boastfulness bodes no good for their prospects.

Class Officers:

First Semester.

President - - - - CHESTER TAYLOR
 Vice President - - - - F. FRIESELL
 Secretary - - - - - RENE ROSS
 Treasurer - - - - HARRY SCHONERD

Second Semester.

President - - - - - HALLIE UPDIKE
 Vice President - - - - GUS HOFMANN
 Secretary - - - - - MAUDE HOBART
 Treasurer - - - - - MABEL SNAPP





Military Department

CHARLES T. BOYD, Captain, 4th Cavalry, U. S. Army, is the Professor of Military Science and Tactics and Commandant of Cadets in the University.

Capt. Boyd was graduated from West Point in June, 1896, and was commissioned as Second Lieutenant of Cavalry.

He served for nearly a year in Arizona with the Seventh Cavalry. He was then assigned to the Fourth Cavalry in California, and went to the Philippines with his regiment in August, 1898. Until June, 1899, he served in every expedition but one on the Island of Luzon. He filled the positions of Adjutant and Quartermaster and Commissary of the Fourth Cavalry. On July 5, 1899, he was commissioned Major of the 37th U. S. Volunteers. Up to April, 1900, he commanded the 37th Regiment U. S. Volunteers, filling every position up to that of Brigade Commander.



Captain Boyd was detailed from Jefferson Barracks and entered upon his duties November 1, 1902. He is a strict disciplinarian, which is attested to by the marked improvement in drill. The Cadet officers all admire the handsome cavalryman who, outside of routine work, is a sparkling wit. Like all soldiers he is a gallant. As a result the co-eds adore him.

Cadet Officers:

F. H. LUKE, Major.

E. J. ERICKSON, First Lieutenant and Adjutant.

ARTHUR KELLY, Second Lieutenant and Quartermaster.

W. A. WOLF, Second Lieutenant Band.

Company A.

Captain, R. W. HESSON.

First Lieutenant, J. O. McELROY. Second Lieutenant, ARTHUR KELLY.

E. A. STEWART, Second Lieutenant (resigned).

Company B.

Captain, F. WHITAKER.

First Lieutenant, J. PECKHAM. Second Lieutenant, M. G. BRADSHAW.

FRANK BARKER, Captain (resigned).





THE BAND



Band

Drum Major

O. F. HEISER

Clarionet and Bandmaster

JOHN MELIN

Cornets

LOUIS SPELLIER, CURRY JAMESON

Altos

E. E. KIRBY, GUS HOFFMAN

Tenors

HALLIE UPDIKE, HARRY STANDERWICK
WENDELL JONES

Baritone

LIEUTENANT W. A. WOLF

Tuba

A. J. CATON

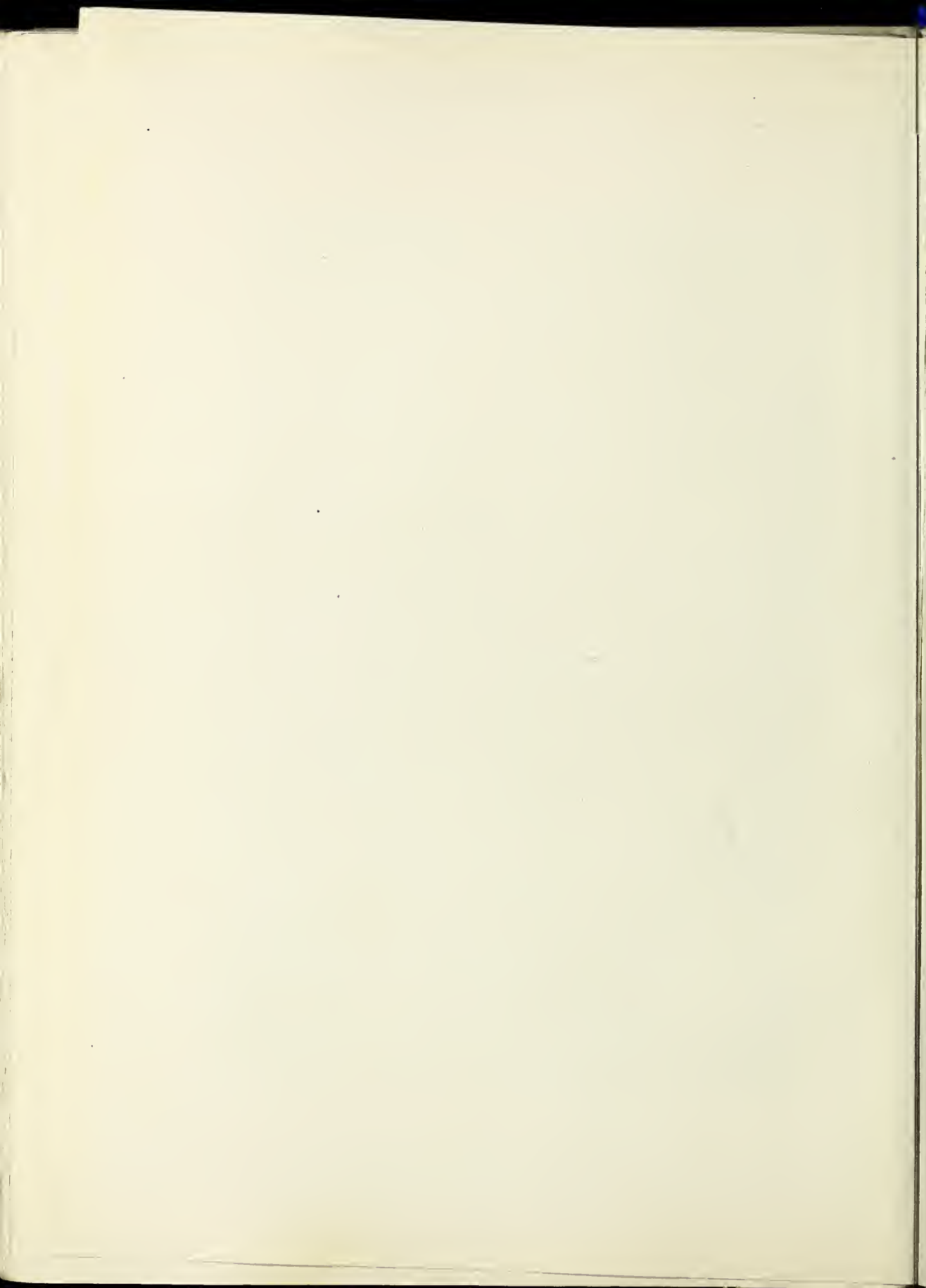
Snare Drum

F. FRIESELL

Bass Drum

SERGEANT F. SMITH







Debate

ALL the classes in Public Speaking in the University have conducted more or less debate work this year. The two Freshman classes under Professor Whitaker have debated several times among themselves, sometimes impromptu, but oftener with a week's preparation. The Advanced Freshman Class met the Seniors who are taking the course in Public Speaking on Tuesday evening, November 18, 1902, in Room 6, Morrill Hall. The question concerned Vivisection, the Seniors supporting and the Freshmen attacking that practice. In spite of a very stormy evening the attendance was good. The debate was well conducted on both sides, but the decision was won by the Seniors.

The yearly Class Debate between Juniors and Seniors occurred on Saturday evening, January 21st, 1903. The question was as follows: "Resolved. That the United States Constitution is adapted to the government of colonial possessions." The Juniors supported the affirmative and the Seniors the negative. Mr. John McElroy, Mr. A. T. Taylor and Miss May Wilson spoke for the Seniors; Mr. Ede, Mr. Wright and Mr. Kelly for the Juniors. The Seniors won the debate.

The Freshmen and Sophomores met in their annual debate on Saturday, March 7th, 1903. The Freshmen supported the affirmative, the Sophomores the negative of the following question: "Resolved, That Cuban reciprocity as laid down in President Roosevelt's messages should be made the policy of the United States." Miss Hershiser, Mr. Pike and Mr. Louderback were the Sophomore debaters; Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Morganier and Mr. Palmer the Freshman debaters. The judges decided in favor of the Sophomores. These were immediately challenged by the Seniors to discuss the question which will be the subject of debate between the University of Utah and the Nevada

State University. The challenge was accepted. On learning, however, that the debate would not be a tryout for the one with Utah, the Seniors afterwards declined to appear, and the victory, therefore, went to the Sophmores by default.

The committee on Debating and Literary Societies, consisting of five members of the Faculty, have chosen the following team to meet the debaters from the University of Utah: Miss Emily Berry, Mr. H. Louderback and Mr. Daniel R. Sullivan. The debate will occur in Reno about the end of May. The question is stated as follows: "Resolved, That municipalities in the United States should own and operate street railways, lighting plants and telephones." The University of Nevada will support the affirmative.



JOHN O. McELROY, '03



ALFRED TAYLOR, '03



MAY WILSON, '03



Normal Class of '03

IF ever, my reader, in years to come, you chance to meet some brilliant member of this class who has grown famous through her tact and learning, just look at the class motto. Of course, like all others, this class had a beginning. Its members may have been termed "queer," "awkward" and bashful, and filled with the deepest sense of awe may have stolen occasional glances at the President and members of the Faculty. But forget it all. Past is past, and with the marvelous progress of civilization this class has helped fill the ranks.

Now, there's Margaret, noted for successful bluffs and lucid explanations of complex subjects. Has been known to look intelligent, but counteracts the bad effects of her actions. Authority on physics—in fact, seeks rest and comfort by working mathematical and skinny physics problems. Thesis subject, probably physics.

We're proud of our Annie, who is too busy with the affairs of school to idle away precious moments in the frivolities in which ordinary mortals are prone. When told in botany to bring in a written report of the locust she searches the country in vain for grasshoppers.

Maud, with light heart and cheerful countenance, laughs away the hours of life. She believes men were made to love, and she loves them. That is right. Give her a basket-ball and she is alright.

Helen, otherwise known as "Grandma," is ever ready with the word of advice; has a vast amount of human meanness; free from prejudice except toward those she doesn't like. Greatest trouble is to keep "Baby" and "Topsy" from wasting chemicals.

Nettie, "long and lank as the ribbed sea sand." Delights in explaining geometry to nations. I wish she would explain her own explanations. With head buried deep in mathematics and heart far over the continent, she employs the rest of her body in basket-ball feats.

Sam—Damm, you cannot say that language undefiled ne'er passed your lips; you a maiden pure and simple in heart. Your strong fort is mathematics, your weak one a knowledge of the place that knowledge come from.

Sweet Minnie. Her favorite flower is the violet. She thinks a single life worse than death, but cannot decide who is to be the lucky one. She seeks recreation in writing letters—to whom, I wonder?

Oh, Bertha, desperately in love, but it isn't one of the opposite sex. a pattern of fine humility. Is able to accept what the gods provide and rejoice therein.

What will become of our Gretchen? She is subject to optical illusions which cause her much trouble. For this reason, thinking she

has reached the door, she falls headlong from the laboratory window; thinking the floor is a sink, she empties the water thereon and is next seen working vigorously with huge mop in hand.

There's Grace, the grace of our number, the artistic and prim, with a flow of language as deep as a reservoir. Writer by nature and would be successful, but alas! her heart is not in it.

Phene, with the charming smile of trust, confidence and sweet Will, shows a light heart and clear conscience. After all, a good nature is a rare gift from Above. In basket-ball she is a wonder, has qualities that make us proud of her.

Last and least is Topsy—short in height, but long in chemistry tests. She is sure to reach her Mark in the world. A girl noted for her "good advice to ——." She's a poet by nature, but, alas! has heart trouble and we're afraid we'll lose her.

It is true that this Normal Class has its faults, but they are not to be compared with its virtues. You can find in it some of the best basket-ball players in the institution; you can find in it debaters and those given to "Public Address;" you can find in it staunch members of the strongest literary societies; you can find in it depth of character and depth of purpose.

As before intimated, a few of the Normals may become famous, and, to be contrary, a few will not. Nevertheless, we all hope to meet in the Happy Land, where there are no tears or shades—nor pedagogy.

CLASS COLORS—Purple and White.

CLASS FLOWER—White Carnations.

CLASS MOTTO:

"Plan as if you'd live forever;
Work as if you'd die tomorrow."



The Art Lecture Course

A COURSE in Art Lectures, given under the direction of Miss Anna Martin, has been instituted in the University. For those who have the artistic temperament, this is a rare opportunity.

All the works of the world's masters are discussed, the beautiful creations that will outlive the present era of empire building and money grabbing, as they have previous ones, are studied with the eagerness that only an art student can show. The lives of the masters themselves are studied. The position of Tiziano Veulli da Cadore, with reference to Giorgione and Palma, his early life and his dilatoriness at that time, showing a marked contrast to the unceasing activities of his later life.



Only those painters who flourished during and previous to the High Renaissance have been taken up so far. If the interest shown this year does not wane, this course will become a permanent feature in this University.

Miss Martin spent years in study at Oxford, and then perfected herself traveling on the Continent, a pilgrim to the shrines of all that is beautiful in Art.

As she once said to her Class, "If you could visit the galleries and see the beautiful artistic color effects used by those great masters in the original paintings instead of the black and white effect, as we have thrown on the screen, then you could appreciate their work, and your souls would be wrapped up in it."



Ethics and Public Speaking

AT the beginning of the fall semester, 1902, through the liberality of Mr D. B. Lyman, since deceased, a special course of lectures on Ethics were provided for the students of the Nevada State University. Rev. Robert Whitaker, lately of Palo Alto, California, was invited by Dr. Stubbs to give these lectures, and also to assist in teaching the art of Debate and Public Speaking for a portion of his time.



Upon the expiration of the period provided for by Mr. Lyman's bequest the students and friends of the University, including members of the faculty, raised a special subscription to continue the work through the University year. Mr. Whitaker was again engaged for a part of his time, and has been in charge of several classes on the lines indicated. The rest of his time he has devoted to literary labors, having just completed a small book which will probably be brought out this summer.

The work in Ethics during the last semester has been conducted through weekly lectures at Lincoln Hall, and through studies carried on under Mr. Whitaker's direction by the Young Women's Christian Association. These talks and studies have been of a practical rather than an academic character, the object being to stimulate the higher life of the University in what seemed the most practical way. At the same time Mr. Whitaker has held himself open to counsel with the students concerning any of their affairs, either personal or social, and so to promote the best interests of all.

A number of Seniors elected Public Speaking, and have done good work. Regular weekly meetings have been held in Room 6, Morrill Hall, and various types of public speaking have been studied and practiced there. Debates have been held, either between this class, or between the Senior class, and the Advanced Freshman class, besides the usual inter-class debates. In the inter-class debates the work has been directed by Dr. Cushman generally, with assistance from Mr. Whitaker and others. The Senior class under Mr. Whitaker's direction has provided some speakers before the University Assembly, and several of the young women have addressed the young people of the down town churches and the members of the Twentieth Century club. The aim has been as far as possible to give the more advanced pupils, both from

among the Seniors and the Freshmen, not only the theory of public speaking, but actual practice in addressing regular meetings here and there.

The work of Public Speaking was required from all Freshmen. The class was so large that it was found best to divide it into two sections, one of which was called the Advanced Freshmen class, and had special opportunities in debate work and platform address. The success of this experiment has been sufficient to justify the belief of those who arranged it that some practice in public speaking is worth while on the part of practically every college student. Many who will never make notable public speakers, have nevertheless learned the elements of a graceful bearing before the public, and have acquired the ability to say a few words in an acceptable manner without the unbecoming confusion which characterized their first efforts. There are many who have learned to stand easily and gracefully, to speak correctly and with some degree of fluency, and to think quickly and with more of logical force because of this discipline. In a country where popular government prevails, and where every man and woman is entitled to hold and to express an opinion upon public affairs, it would seem as if one of the most important departments of education must be the teaching of the ability to think clearly and to speak acceptably. This has been the aim throughout of our Public Speaking course.

Elocution has been taught only so far as voice culture and gesture are necessary to effective address, and not after the artificial manner of those whose object is declamation or dramatic reading. The object has been to make the students good thinkers and talkers, not professional entertainers. Perhaps the results have been less spectacular than they might have been had set pieces been learned, or special orations been prepared, but the average increase in the direction of independent and convincing thought, and ready, persuasive speech has undoubtedly been more. There is every reason to believe that with proper emphasis upon this important department of instruction the University of Nevada can take high rank among schools of the same character by reason of the considerable number of sound thinkers and forceful speakers who shall be proud to call it their *Alma Mater*.



FRATERNITIES.



TERRY



T. H. P. O.

EDWARD JOHN ERICKSON, *H. R. M. J., 1st*
WILLIAM ALBERT WOLF, *H. R. C. W., 2d*
EDGAR IRVING LEAVITT, *T. K. L. B. T.*
JOSEPH HENRY PRICE, *H. R. N. S., No. 1*
WILLIAM HENRY ORR, *H. R. N. G., No. 2*
FRANK PHILSON THOMPSON, *H. R. R. R.*

Seniors

ROBERT WEATHERS HESSON	BERNARD FRANCIS O'HARA
JAMES VINCENT COMERFORD	EDWARD JOHN ERICKSON
WILLIAM ALBERT WOLF	JOSEPH PAGE MACK

Juniors

OTT. FLEMING HEIZER	EDGAR IRVING LEAVITT
PRINCE WILLIAM CATLIN	JOSEPH HENRY PRICE
EDWARD JOHN ROBERTS	WILLIAM MAXWELL KEARNEY
FRANK PHILSON THOMPSON	BENJAMIN EVANS
FRANCIS WELLER	

Sophomores

WILLIAM EDWARD ORR	CHARLES WILLIAM STARK
PHILLIP JOHN O'HARA	LEIGH ERNEST WORTHING
CASSIUS CROWELL SMITH	HERMAN JULIUS SADLER

Freshmen

LOUIS PARNELL BRYANT	ADRIAN OTTO BEADLES
GUSTAVUS HOBART HOFMANN	GEORGE SCOTT WRINKLE
DANIEL ROBERT SULLIVAN	DAVID HALBERT UPDIKE

Specials

ERNEST GRANT SAXTON





Sigma Alpha

Seniors

FRED WHITAKER	EDWIN PERCY LEADBETTER
JAMES GORDON PECKHAM	FRANKLIN EDWARD BARKER
JOHN OWEN MCELROY	SAXE MILTON MCCLINTOCK
ELBERT ALFRED STEWART	FRANK HENRY LUKE
JAMES GORDON McVICAR	

Juniors

NAT. WRIGHT	FRED A. NATHAN	FRANK SMITH
WARNER GRAHAM	WILLIAM THOMPSON	

Sophomores

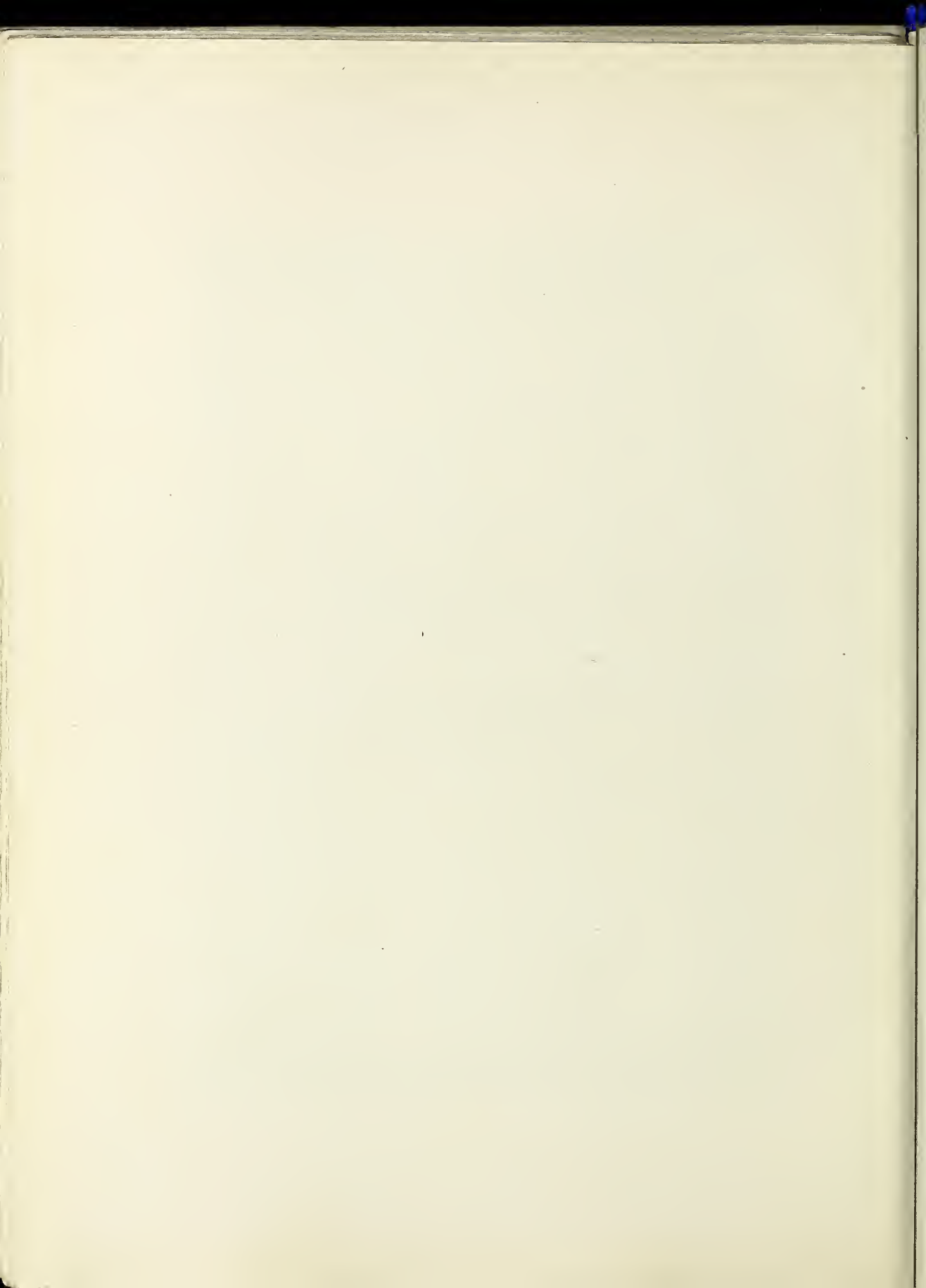
HENRY WILKERSON	WILLIAM POPE	JAMES PATTERSON
DEAN BRADLEY	JAMES NESBITT	
HALBERT BULMER		

Freshmen

HARRY JONES	JAMES HART	FRED BLACK
STANFORD WEATHERS	BONNIFIELD MCBRIDE	
CHESTER TAYLOR		



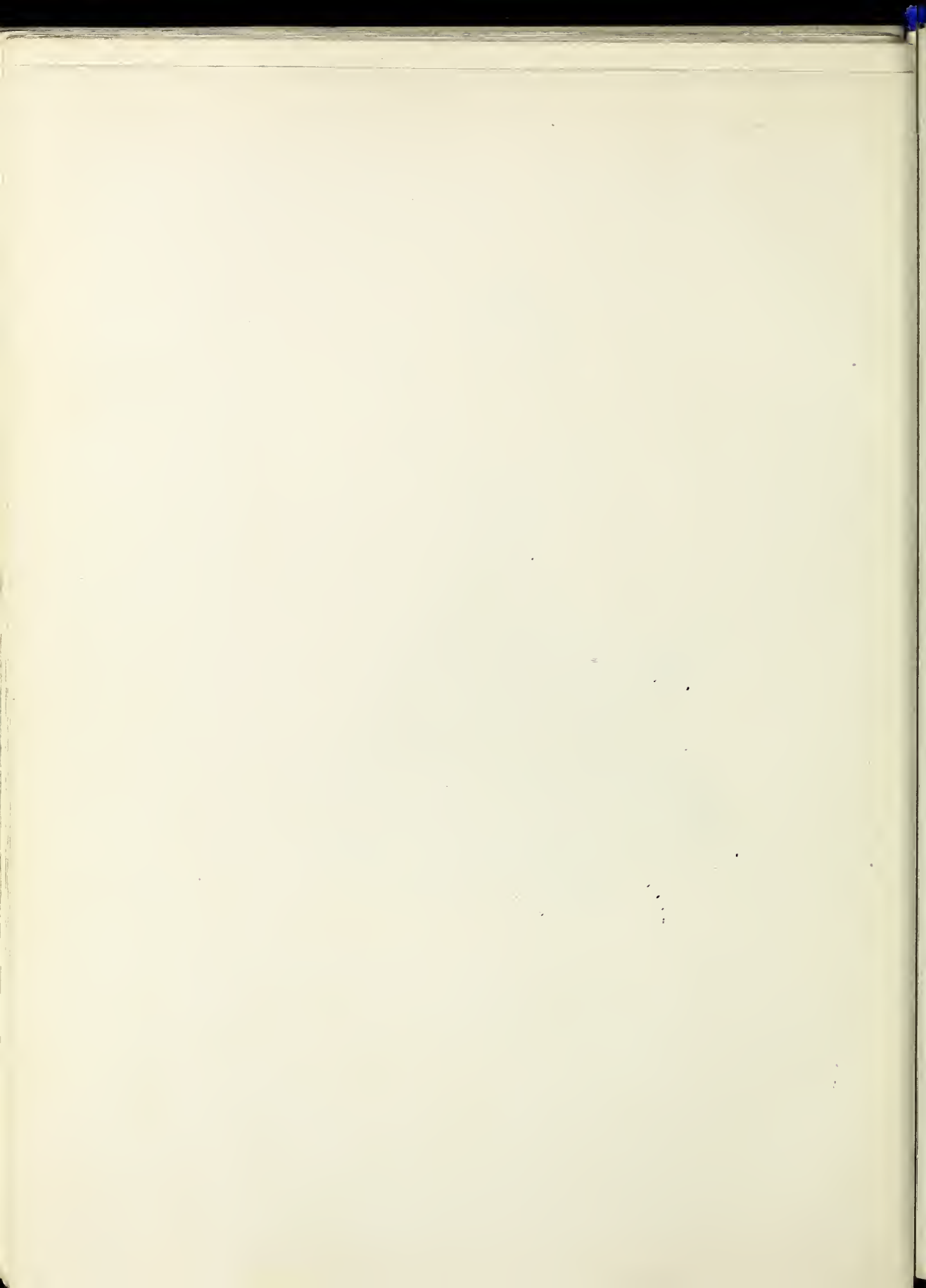


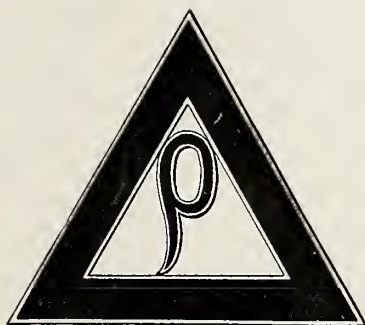




SORORITIES

TERRY





Delta Rho

Class of '96

Laura Norrison Smith

Class of '98

Mrs. J. B. O'Sullivan

Class of '99

Elizabeth Spayd Stubbs

Louise Gertrude Ward

Della B. Boyd

Aimee Sherman

Class of '00

Mrs. D. W. Hayes

Lulu Olivia Culp

Class of '01

Kate Crocker Bender

Verra Stuart Davis

Maud Nash

Class of '03

Mabel S. Richardson

Goodwin S. Doten

Della Levy

Olive Eleanor Weathers

Jessie Lincoln Brumsey

Lillian Estelle Esden

Florence Virginia Kent

Class of '04

Laura A. Arnot

Mabel Haward Blakeslee

Jeanette E. Cameron

Class of '05

Alice Henrietta Maxwell

Class of '06

Maude Alice Hobart

Frances Pike

Sadie J. Weeks

Specials

Cleve Pike

Mabel Sunderland

Beatrice Sunderland

Rose Ailene Gulling

Berd Howe

Laura E. Shier

Jessie Sheyer Levy

Normals, '03

Margaret E. Mack

Maude Warren

Pledged

Elizabeth Crawley Tooley

Alice Hepburn Michael

Minnie Amanda Kistler

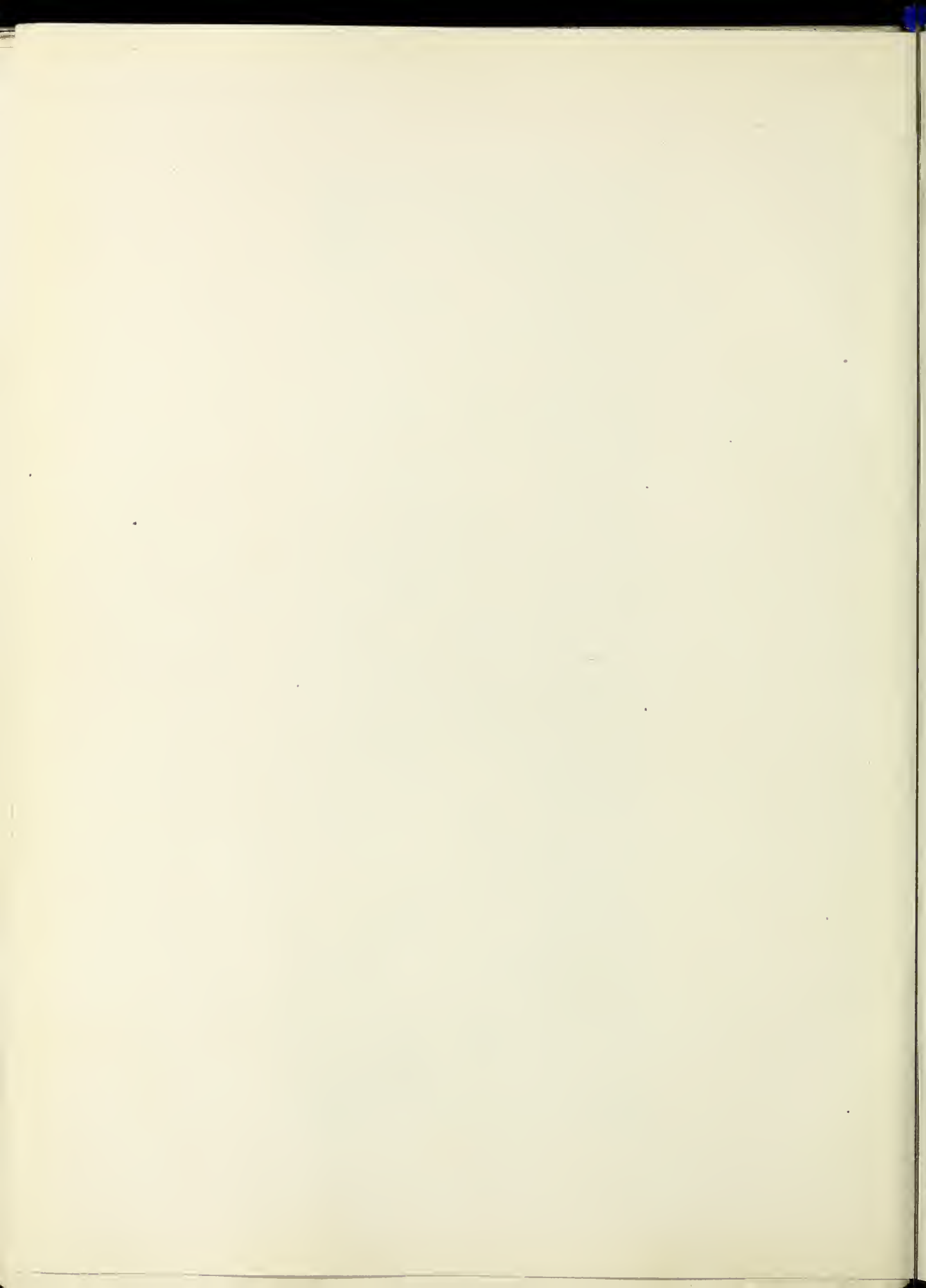
Anna Ella Shier

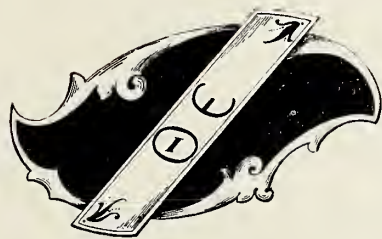
Ivan Etelka Sessions

Maude Patterson

Anna Sunderland







Theta Epsilon

PEARL SNAPP, *Theta Gamma Mu*
ANNA JOHNSON, *Theta Lambda Rho*
CATHERINE HAND, *Beta Nu Sigma*
SADIE PHILLIPS, *Kappa Omikron Phi*

Class of '96

Maud Wheeler

Louise Frey Sadleir

Class of '98

Sadie Phillips

Class of '02

Elizabeth Webster

Laura Orr
Elizabeth Evans

Elizabeth McCormack

Class of '03

Pearl Snapp

Anna Johnson

Class of '04

Mabel Plumb

Class of '05

Catherine Hand

Mary Bacon
Beulah Hershiser

Gertrude Sheehy

Class of '06

Mabel Snapp

Irene Mack Geraldine Hibbard

Honorary Members

Stella Linscott, '95

Ethel Sparks, '01

Laura Bailey, '01

Vera Novacovich

Ada Edwards

Carrie Cutts Meder

Hedwig Buss







A. T. P.

Class of '03

Florence Kent

Ollie Weathers

Lillian Esden

Class of '04

Laura Arnot

Anna Woodward

Class of '05

Catherine Hand

Lucy Brannin

Ollie Wise

Elizabeth Cooke

Normal, '03

Maud Warren

Normal, '04

Eloise Elliott

Special

Laura Shier (non-resident)

Ex-Normal, '03

Della Fuller

Ex-Normal, '05

Mabel Murray







Alpha Beta

Harold Louderback, *Secretary*

Alfred Hamlin, *Treasurer*

Emily Berry

George E. Palmer

H. Louderback

Executive Committee

Juniors

Mark Kelley

Sophomores

Harold Louderback

Beulah Hershiser

Freshmen

Grace Dow

George E. Palmer

Daniel McDonald

Alfred Hamlin

Clarence Brown

Wolfgang Morgenier

Specials

Milan Davidovich

Frank O'Leary

Iabelle Miller

Frederick Freeman

William Arms

Normals

Mary Arms

Emily Berry

Edna Hamlin

Helen Hamlin







Crescent Club

Officers

IRVIN CASE, *President*

MABEL WILKERSON, *Vice President*

ROBERT SAWYER, *Treasurer*

EDNA COLL, *Secretary*

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Frank Peterson

Harry Holland

Frank Ryan

Irvin Case

Edna Coll

Lucile Hunewill

Emma Regli

Bertha Knemeyer

Joe Scott

Stoddard Southworth

James Ezell

Archie Miller

Fred Wilson

Alfred Hamlin

Robert Sawyer

Austin Cheatham

Arthur Champagne

Kenneth Booth

Frank Liston

Mabel Wilkerson

Millie Hunewill

Ruby McFadden

Bertha Peck

Nellie Mayo

Josephine Cardinal

William Arms

George Daudel

Isabel Miller

Bea Clancy

Agnes Harvey

Clair Frazier

Milo Davidovich

Vernon Westfall

E. T. George

Philomathean

Officers

CARRIE ALLEN, *President*
LILLIAN ESDEN, *Vice President*
PEARL SNAPP, *Secretary*
R. HESSON, *Treasurer*

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Carrie Allen	Lillian Esden
Florence Kent	Lizzie Rammelkamp
Pearl Snapp	Ollie Weathers
Frank Barker	R. W. Hesson
May Wilson	John McElroy
M. G. Bradshaw	W. A. Wolf
B. F. O'Hara	J. G. McVicar

Juniors

Laura Arnot	Jeanette Cameron	Anna Woodward
	Mabel Blakeslee	

Sophomores

Elizabeth Cooke	Lucy Brannin
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Freshmen

Mabel Snapp	Maud Hobart
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Specials

Eloise Elliott	Edna Coll
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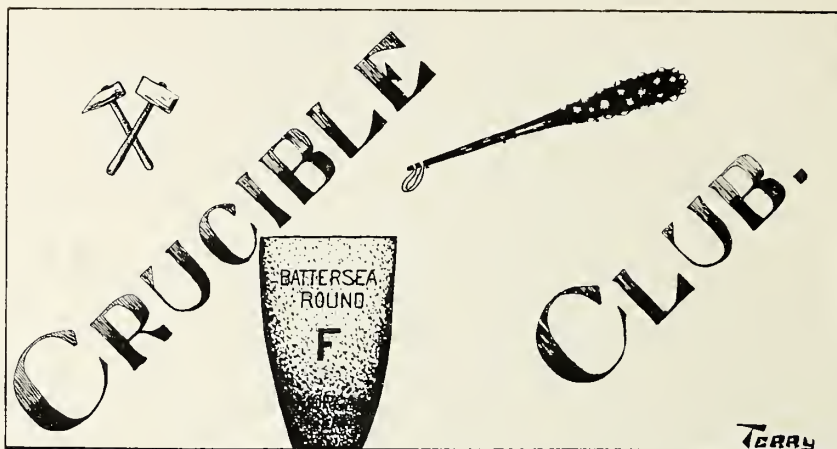
Y. W. C. A.

Officers

BEULAH HERSHISER, *President*
 BERTHA KNEMEYER, *Vice President*
 MABEL BLAKESLEE, *Secretary*
 EMMA REGLI, *Treasurer*

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Mrs. P. Frandsen	Minnie Roberts	Lillian Fay
Mrs. L. W. Cushman	Dollie Bliven	Eloise Elliott
Mrs. Blume	Sarah Chase	Lucile Hunewill
J. E. Wier	Laura Shier	Lulu McMullen
Kate Bardenwerper	Margaret Conaway	Emily Berry
L. De Laguna	Jennie Springer	Mabel Wilkerson
Mrs. J. E. Church, Jr	Irma Fay	Lillian Walker
Mrs. H. Thurtell	Isabel Miller	Olive Wise
Mrs. P. B. Kennedy	Elizabeth Tooley	Kate McMullen
Mrs. J. Fulton	Georgia Rammelkamp	Alice Ruddell
Mrs. J. E. Stubbs	Cleve Pike	Mary Bacon
Ruth Stubbs	Edna Coll	Mrs. J. E. Bray
Elizabeth Cooke	Elizabeth Rammelkamp	Mrs. R. Brown
Lillian Esden	Anna Woodward	Sadie Branton
Catherine Hand	Laura Arnot	Mrs. T. R. Cheatham
Elizabeth Stubbs	Maud Hobart	Mrs. J. Chism
Olive Weathers	Goodwin Doten	Mrs. M. W. Emery
Edith Becker	Mabel Snapp	Mabel Graham
Maud Warren	Edna Hamlin	Geraldine Hibbard
Alma Goble	Myra Arms	Mrs. Kerr
Anna Damm	Frances Pike	Rose McMullen
Florence Kent	Margaret Mack	Hepburn Michael
Adolphine Finck	Lucy Brannin	Susie Springer
Bertha Peck	Pearl Snapp	Ivan Sessions
Josephine Cardinal	Camille Hunewill	Mabel Murray



Officers

GEORGE D. LOUDERBACK, *President*

FRED WHITAKER, *Vice President*

M. G. BRADSHAW, *Secretary*

Members

C. R. Fitzmaurice

W. B. Harrington

J. G. McVicar

R. W. Hesson

W. A. Wolf

E. A. Stewart

A. Ede

William Kearney

Mark Kelly

Frank Smith

S. M. McClintock

George J. Young

Arthur Kelly

B. F. O'Hara

J. G. Peckham

F. H. Luke

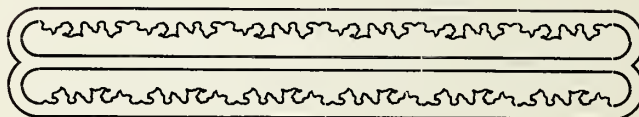
E. J. Erickson

F. Delonchant

J. H. Price

George West

Warner Graham





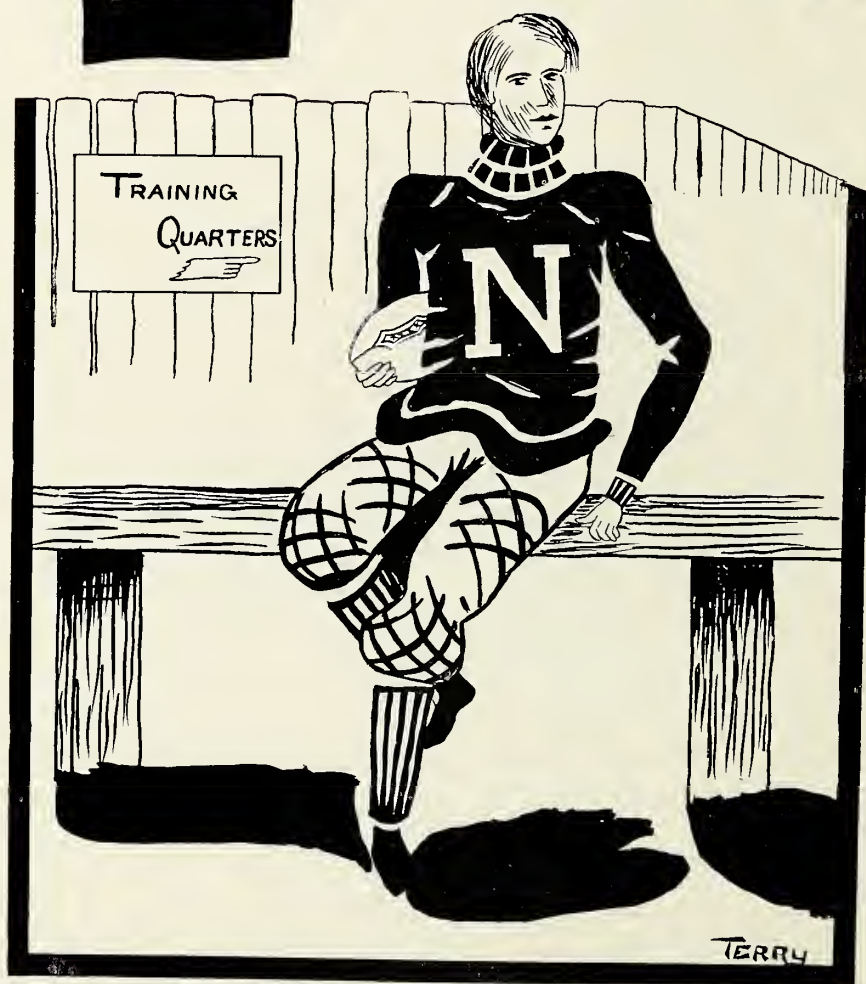


ATHLETICS



सिद्धि

FOOT BALL.



Football

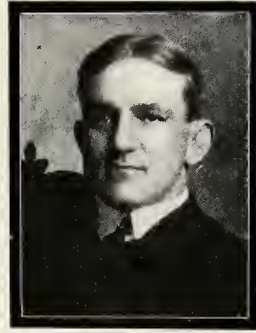


LOOKING over the football season of 1902, one would get the impression of a lot of brawny men trying to push a big ball up a hill; "up against it all around" is an appropriate statement. It was only possible to schedule three games throughout the season and these were with the strongest teams on the coast—California, Stanford and the Reliance Athletic Club.

There were just enough men of experience in the school to make one eleven, and these had to practice against a second eleven too weak to be of much value. This was due to the fact that their steady attendance could not be depended upon. The weakness of the second eleven gave the first team a feeling of false security and self-satisfaction, which, of course, is an evil that works mischief in any line of sport.

Despite these drawbacks, Nevada made a better showing and played harder football than she ever did before. This can be said in spite of the fact that Berkeley defeated Nevada by a larger score than she did in the previous year. But the team which represented Nevada in the Berkeley game was much weaker than the one which made Stanford fight so fiercely a week earlier. Many of the men were disabled in the Stanford game, two of the most reliable players being permanently injured, and, worse still, there were no substitutes able to fill their positions. Had Nevada been in the same condition as when she played Stanford, and further, had the professional, "Locomotive" Smith, been prevented from playing, as he should have been, Nevada would have made as good a showing against Berkeley as she did in the Stanford game; and always with a possible chance of evening matters up by a kick from the field.

Our first game was with the Reliance Athletic Club, in the middle of the season. Much speculation was rife among the town



COACH A. C. STECKLE



CAPTAIN A. E. RIORDAN

people as to what would happen to the little sagebrush team when they saw those coast giants, fresh from the salt sea breezes, pass up



W. A. WOLF

and down the streets with manly tread and stately mein. Indeed, it was rumored that there would be church bells ringing and not a few laid away; but nothing of this nature happened, and when the smoke of battle cleared away Nevada had won the day. Nevada clearly outplayed her opponents and won handily by a score of 16 to 0. In reality the score does not show the real merit of Nevada's work, as two more touchdowns should have been made. The main feature of this game was Abe Steckle's line plunging, mainly due to Captain Riordan's ability

to open a way for him. The backs also deserve a large share of liberal mention, as it was a common thing for them to invade the enemies' territory for from fifteen to twenty yards; but it must not be forgotten that the line contributed towards making these runs possible. The interference at times was all that could be expected and approached that of ideal football. Riordan, O'Hara, F. Smith and Abe Steckle being most conspicuous in blocking for the man with the ball.



B. EVANS

The story of the game in general: Ne



E. LEAVITT

vada won the toss and Reliance kicked off. Leadbetter, quarter, attacked the Reliance left wing, using Abe Steckle, who easily waded through for ten yards. The same play was tried again and again, with the same result, Abe Steckle wandering through Riordan's "coach and four" holes. This work would have been more disastrous but for the clever work of an Indian player, the Reliance left half. Frisell, Steckle and Evans made good gains. Reliance gained possession of the ball on a fumble, and the side lines waited

anxiously to see what Nevada could do on the defense. They were

electrified by seeing playing that was never equalled during the rest of the season. Riordan and Abe Steckle repeatedly broke through and stopped plays. Such work soon relieved Reliance of the custody of the ball, and Nevada took the leather and proceeded down the field. Only once more did the club men handle the pigskin. Then she directed her forces against Nevada's center, but "Fat" Melin was there and she knew that she had a center of no mean ability. The ends, O'Hara, Smith and Kearney, did admirable work getting down on points, O'Hara being especially conspicuous on this line of work. The game ended with the ball in Nevada's possession.



B. O'HARA



F. SMITH

The next game with Stanford, one week after the Reliance affair, became the topic of absorbing interest, and many speculations were made as to how Nevada would fare with her burly neighbors, the Cardinals. If comparisons are to be considered as criterions, Nevada had an equal chance with Stanford. After a long and tedious journey the team reached the enemies' camp. At the station they were cordially greeted by a silent, drizzling rain, but soon found a way to comfortable quarters.

The day of the game proved to be perfect, and the field was in excellent condition. The feeling in the Cardinal ranks was not altogether jubilant, in fact, many had some misgivings as to the outcome of the struggle. Nevada, aside from a few injuries, was in fine fettle, and Stanford could produce the best stock available in her camp. The game began sharply at 3 p. m.

Nevada won the toss and gave Stanford the kick-off. Abe Steckle started the game by gaining eight yards on Stanford's right wing, and the situation looked propitious for Nevada; but, alas, it soon became apparent that the team was not playing up to the standard of a week



F. FRIESELL

previous. It seemed as if a spell had bereft them of their senses. The team was slow, lacking in spirit and all seemed to shift the responsibility on someone else.



P. LEADBETTER

It was only after Stanford had picked up a lucky fumble and made a touchdown that it dawned upon the Sagebrushers that they were in a game of football. From this time on, however, Nevada played a very creditable



N. D. WRIGHT

game, but the Cardinal line proved too sturdy, and, with the aid of their very efficient back field, they slowly but steadily forced Nevada to retreat over the goal line for another touchdown.

In the second half Stanford, as is usual with her, began to show a weakness, or else felt satisfied with her lead and Nevada's efforts began to be more effective. This resulted in a see-saw game, the ball, for the most part staying in Nevada's territory. Nevada finally grasped an opportunity for a place-kick and Friesell sent the leather flying between the uprights, making the score 11-5. A place-kick was tried earlier in the game, and barely missed. It was easily a 65-yard kick, and one of the cleverest attempts of the season. Mr. Friesell's work in this game stood out as a prominent feature. He



J. McELROY

out-booted the Cardinal kicker and used good judgment in placing his punts. O'Hara, at the end, played the game of his life and was easily the most conspicuous man on the field. On punts and in the general play "Barney" was always in the midst



J. MELIN

of the fray. Luck sometimes plays queer pranks, and on this day it seemed to be playing against Nevada, for otherwise she surely would

have hustled Stanford for first place. Nevada had only a week in which to repair and prepare her shattered ranks for the game with



W. KEARNEY

California, which took place on the first day of November. Crippled and maimed by her strenuous efforts in the Stanford game, and disorganized by reason of new men being placed in new positions without training.



C. SMITH

The men knew very well that all they could hope to do was to keep the score down as low as possible. They deserve much praise for their noble effort, for they disputed every inch of the ground with their antagonists and put up a game fight to the finish.

Nevada started the game by kicking off to California. Smith and Overall began the grueling process and made gains at will. Early in the game "Locomotive" Smith pushed the ball over for a touchdown. The second touchdown, however, was not so easily made. Nevada had now begun to play with the desperation of a dying man. Mini, the star half back, was thrown back again and again for a loss. This was partly due to his grand stand nature, and partly to the fact that "Barney" objected to the style of the play. "Locomotive" Smith was



A. STECKLE

much in evidence, and Nevada could put up but a feeble resistance against his savage onslaught. For Nevada, O'Hara and Riordan were the star performers, but all are to be praised for their gritty fight. The backs had no opportunity



W. GRAHAM

to show their ability, for Nevada's line was too weak to hold California's aggressive forwards. The man with the ball was often stopped

before he had fairly started. California made use of Overall's kicking ability, and gained much ground by this procedure. He showed good judgment in placing his punts. The score at the end of the game stood 29—0.

Nevada	Line-up	California
O'Hara.....	L. E.	Demeritt
A. Steckle.....	L. H.	Smith
McElroy.....	L. G.	Heitmuller
Melin and Leavitt.....	C.	Strand
C. Smith.....	R. G.	Overall
Riordan (Captain).....	R. T.	Braly
Kearney and Wright	R. E.	Hudson
Leadbetter	Q. B.	More
Frisell	L. H.	Smith
Hart and Wolf.....	F. B.	Duden
I. Steckle and Hofmann.....	R. H.	Mini

N. S. U. Substitutes—Wright, Graham, Wolf, Hofmann.

DR. A. C. STECKLE.



J. HART



I. STECKLE



G. HOFMANN



The Men Who Wear the Big N

Football

E. P. Leadbetter '03	J. O. McElroy '03	W. A. Wolf '03
E. A. Stewart '03	B. F. O'Hara '03	
	F. W. Graham '04	
N. D. Wright '04		E. I. Leavitt '04
F. Friesell '06		B. Evans '04
J. Melin (special)	I. Steckle '05	A. E. Riordan (special)
A. Steckle '05		G. Hofmann '06

Track and Football

	W. Kearney '04	
F. Smith '04		C. C. Smith '05
	J. Hart (special)	

Track

F. H. Luke '03	J. Taylor (special)	F. E. Barker '03
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'Varsity Track Records

Event	Time or Distance	Held by
100-yard dash.....	10 1-5 sec.	{ C. C. CAINE P. S. MOORMAN
220-yard dash.....	23 2-5 sec.	P. S. MOORMAN
440-yard dash.....	53 sec.	P. S. MOORMAN
880-yard run.....	2 min. 8 sec.	S. CASE
1 mile run	4 min. 45 3-5 sec.	S. JAMESON
Broad jump.....	20 ft. 7 in.	F. E. BARKER
High jump.....	5 ft. 8 in.	D. S. WARD
Pole vault.....	11 ft. 3/4 in.	J. HART
120-yard hurdles.....	17 2-5 sec.	R. S. STUBBS
220-yard hurdles.....	28 3-5 sec.	{ F. H. LUKE P. S. MOORMAN
Shot put.....	41 ft.	C. C. SMITH
Hammer throw.....	144 ft. 10 in.	C. C. SMITH
Discus throw.....	109 ft. 7 in.	C. C. SMITH

Base Ball



TERRY

Baseball



HONESTY compels the admission that baseball does not receive as much attention in the University as football and track. This is to be deplored, for baseball, being the National sport, should create more interest than it does.

At the present time there is no honor in being a member of the baseball team. No more than two or three match games are played yearly between the 'Varsity and outside teams. The Executive does not award an "N" to men who make a place on the team, thus taking away one of the strongest incentives to competition for places.

We are so far behind the standard in baseball that a representative team has but once in baseball history crossed bats with a coast college team. The 'Varsity made but one run in that game, against their opponents' 32, since which time Nevada has kept strangely silent when it came to baseball playing.

'02 Team

J. CAMERON, *Pitcher*
J. H. PRICE, *Catcher*
F. WHITAKER, *1st Base*
W. KEARNEY, *2nd Base*

W. GRAHAM, *3rd Base*
H. UPDIKE, *Short Stop*
J. HART, *Right Field*
F. SMITH, *Center Field*

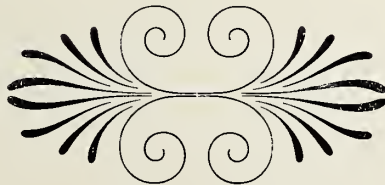
L. SPELLIER, *Left Field*

Substitutes

E. P. LEADBETTER

F. H. LUKE
B. F. O'HARA

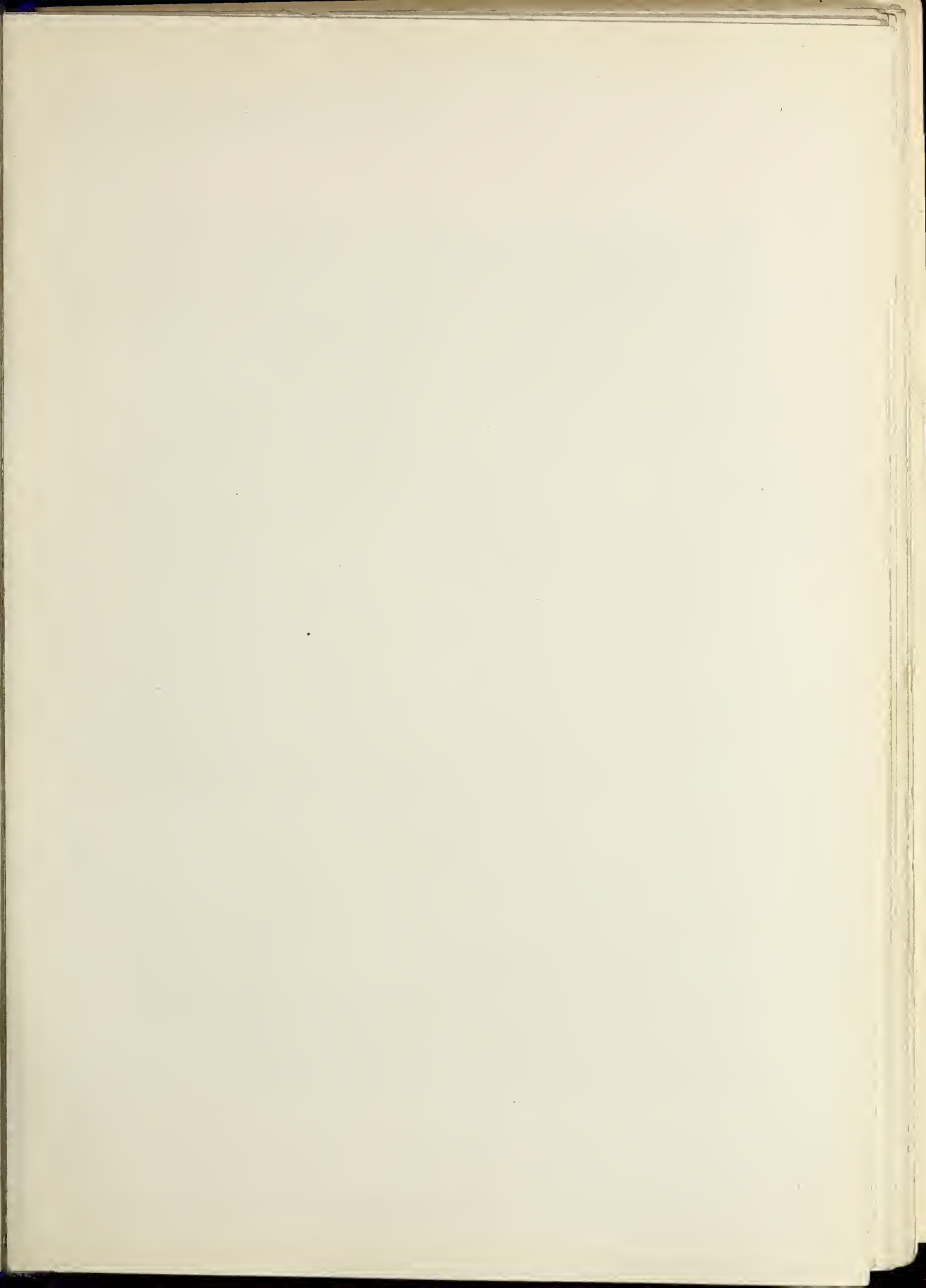
J. O. MCELROY



BASKETBALL



TERRA





Basket-Ball Team '02

Coach

DR. A. C. STECKLE

Manager

ELIZABETH MCCORMACK

Captain

JEANETTE CAMERON

Center

Jeanette Cameron

Left Forward

Ollie Weathers

Right Forward

Catherine Hand

Goals

Ila Bradshaw

Laura Arnot

Left Guard

Elizabeth McCormack

Home Guard

Fenie Finck

Right Guard

Lou Becker

Substitutes

Carrie Allen

Elizabeth Cooke

Track Team '02

Coach

DR. A. C. STECKLE

Trainer

"KING" RYAN

Team

Cash Smith
Weights

Gus Hofmann
Dashes

Ott Heizer
Half Mile

James Hart
Pole Vault

Frank-Luke
Hurdles

Frank Barker
Broad Jump

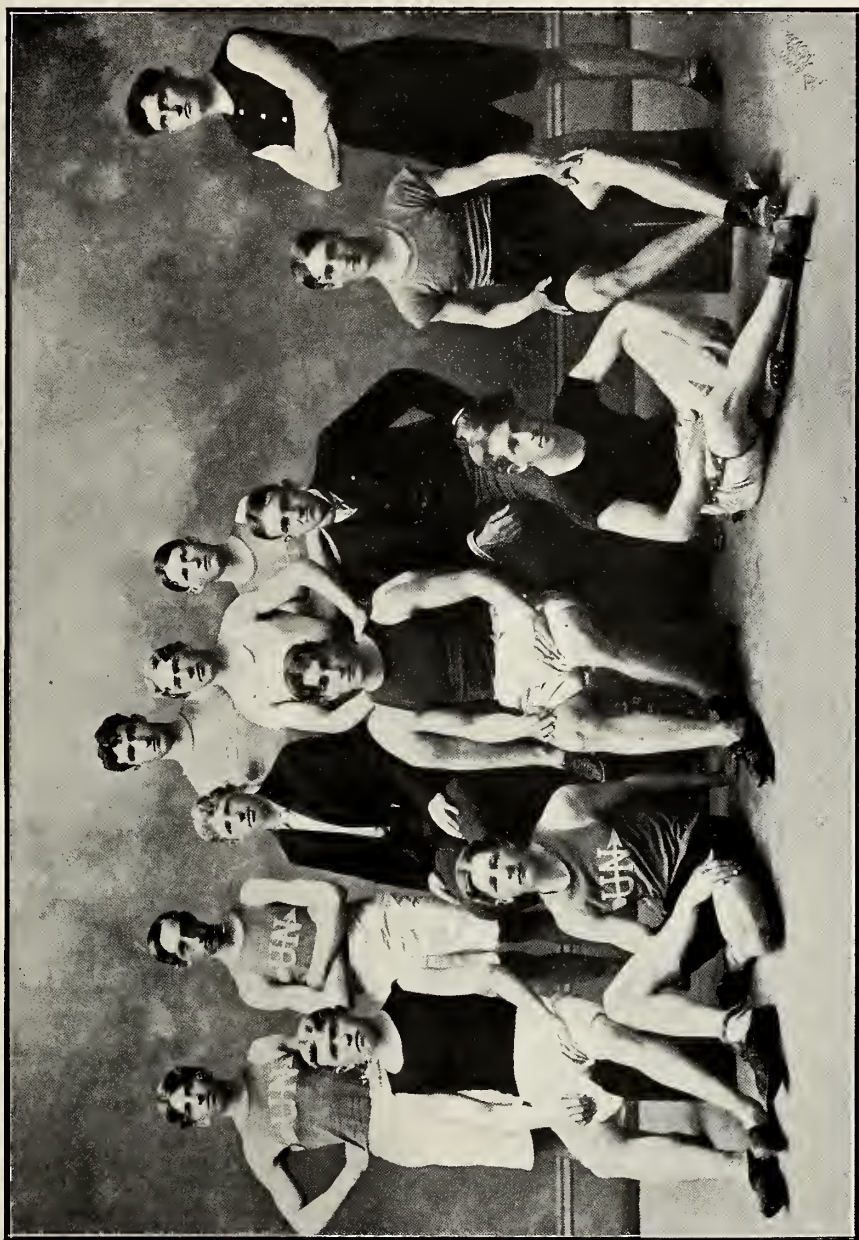
Job Taylor
Mile

Prince Catlin
440-yard Dash

Albert Caton
Half Mile

"Babe" Mayer
100-yard Dash

William Kearney
220-yard Hurdles







Social Life



THE Social Club has been the source of most of the joy of college life since the University was founded.

Every student who attends dances becomes a member of the Club by parting with a small pittance which goes to reimburse the musicians for their efforts.

The Social Manager is elected by popular vote. His duties are very arduous. Before posting the notice for a dance there is a roll of "red tape" to be carefully measured—measurements are sometimes incorrect, and dances are postponed.

Dances are held once every month under the auspices of the Social management. Interspersed throughout both semesters are parties and "hops," where the Fraternities, Sororities or Classes are the entertainers.

Generally in the evening after a football game the Gym is the scene of much joviality. Every gathering in the Gym usually ends in a few dreamy waltzes or two-steps.

Last semester the Sophomores blazed forth. Though they had just suffered defeat at the hands of the Freshmen in the tug-of-war they were determined to show the victors that '05 was a good loser. This they were generally conceded to have accomplished. When the fair ones sauntered homeward on the morning of November 22nd they looked back on the scene of their last plunge in the social whirl and prayed that the Freshmen were believers in reciprocity.

The Junior Prom on the night of December 19th was the last social event of the first semester.

At the opening of the second semester the Sophomores were entertained at the Freshmen Glee.

Later on the T. H. P. O. gave their annual ball on Washington's Birthday.

The Sororities added to the round of pleasure with their delightful parties, which women, and especially co-eds, know how to superintend so well.

To instance the furor the Delta Rho caused: The Senior *Mincs* were in Virginia City on their annual trip to the mines. Some of them were in straitened circumstances, and as they could neither beg, borrow nor steal they walked to Reno, a distance of twenty-five miles.

The Theta Epsilon followed this with their social meteorite, which was food for comment in the social columns of the newspapers for days.

The Sigma Alphas again demonstrated to their guests their

abilities as fun-makers, and among their number, shining out with his usual brilliancy, was the versatile Fitzmaurice, who has well been named "Chauncey."

In Commencement week the Senior class closes the year with the Commencement Ball.

Warner Graham, '04, is the present Social Manager.



Independent Association

B. F. O'HARA, *Editor-in-Chief*

GOODWIN S. DOTEN, *Associate*

Literary

J. O. McElroy J. V. Comerford Ollie Weathers Pearl Snapp

Art

Saxe M. McClintock

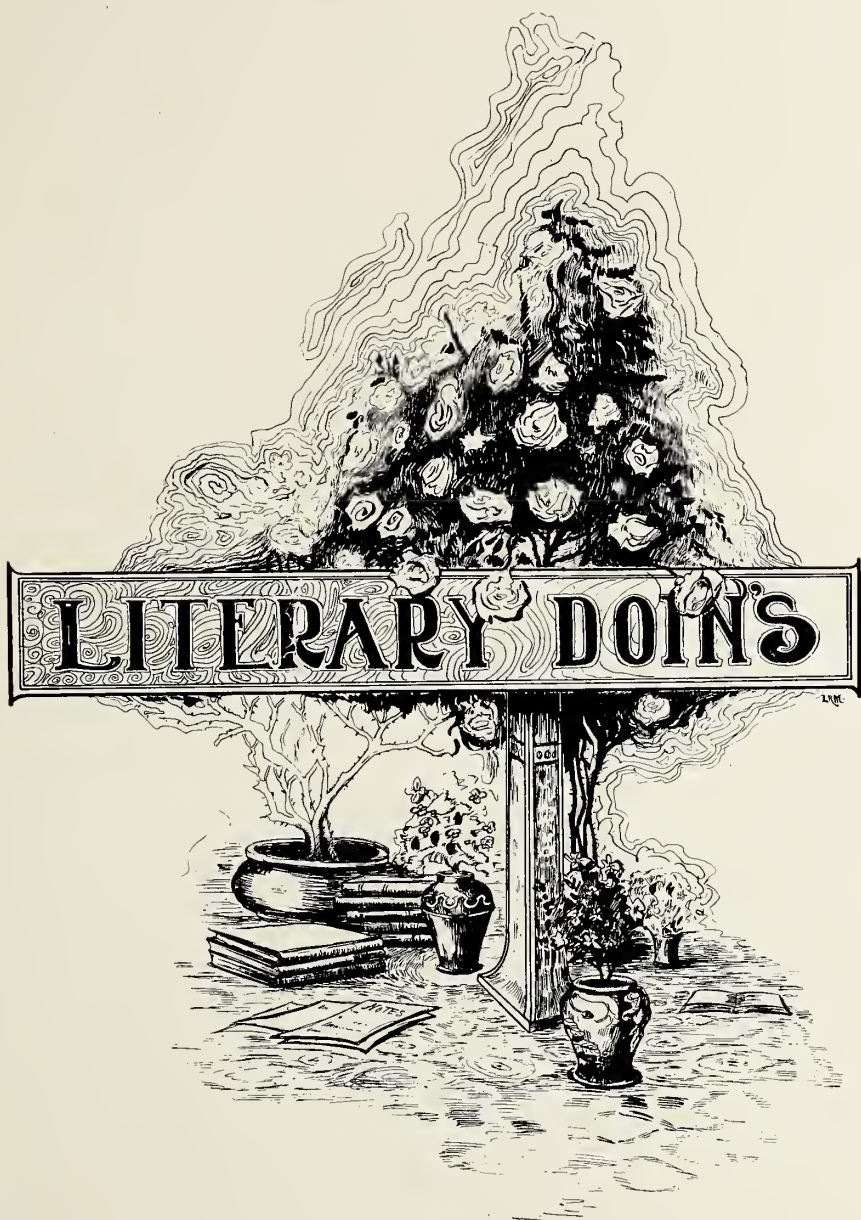
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M. G. Bradshaw R. W. Hesson A. W. Wolf





The Artemisia

ARTEMISIA TRIDENTA" is the scientific name,
But most folks call it Sagebrush, and despise it for the same.
Yet we who know it better than the passing stranger can,
We know that even Sagebrush has its ministry to man.

It's not a thing of beauty, and it's not a work of art,
But it has the grit to grow where nothing else can make a start,
And it seems as if it said to every man of thoughtful quest,
"There's nothing that can stop you if you're bound to do your best."

The Sagebrush is a preacher, and he sticks right to his text;
He meets with many problems, but he never gets perplexed;
He has a single argument, and holds to it with zest:
"There's nothing that can stop you if you're bound to do your best."

The Sagebrush is a poet, though his rhymes are very few,
He winds up every stanza with a big, emphatic, "Do!"
He sings: "If you'll keep at it you can never be suppressed;
There's nothing that can stop you if you're bound to do your best."

The Sagebrush is a prophet of the better days to be,
He sees the wheat a waving like the billows of the sea,
He sees the fruit a coming, and he says: "Don't be depressed;
There's nothing that can stop you if you're bound to do your best."

He knows his days are numbered, but he just goes growing on,
"The world'll be a better world," he says, "when I am gone.
But I shall leave my message for the comfort of the rest:
"There's nothing that can stop you if you're bound to do your best.' "

"And when my days are ended, and they look for me in vain
Where once I reigned supremely on the hillside and the plain,
Somewhere in some museum shall my message be expressed:
"There's nothing that can stop you if you're bound to do your best.' "

Oh, plucky preacher, poet, prophet of the arid lands,
Here's to your splendid spirit, and the truth that in you stands.
God give us grit to do as well, and when we meet our test
May we be found as ready to hang on, and do our best.

—R. W.



A Refused Invitation

LONG the broad walk that wound in and out among the trees from the college campus to the town, came a number of happy, jolly, college girls.

"I'm absolutely sure that the ex. in March will send one young lady I know well, far out and away from college circles—so good bye girls," said one of the girls, Sally Parsons who was the brightest and wittiest of that set of girls, but whose wit could not

pull her through math, as she said.

"No fair talking about ex's. when there is so much going to happen. Why, I just knew how it would be. Everything left to the last—parties, dances and ex's. I was prepared so I studied before hand," said Phyllis Newcombe.

"Listen to our 'flutter-by,' the social leader and wiseacre of the crowd; the only leading lady ever known to have time to study."

"Ah, there's Jack and Bud, and even Jim,
And Mister Everybody, she's time for him,
But she'll be an old maid—a regular crone,
For she always has time, you know, to bone."

It was Sally's cheery voice again. All the girls laughed, they always did at Sally. There was always a smile when she began, which gradually grew and became hearty laughter when she had finished.

"Ah, here comes that peculiar Mr. Stacome, girls, sober down, fall into line, wear your sombre looks. He has refused to join any frat, doesn't like 'socially inclined' girls, loves bachelors and delves into the most profound wisdom. He climbs the hills and knows every little old grass or weed that grows, watches little bugs and bees, and is altogether peculiar. In a few years, he'll be wearing flowing locks and ruffled shirts. Back to your positions ladies."

Cheery laughter as usual followed Sally's speech but one bright face had taken a peculiar look—a look, which, could its owner have explained, would have meant, half shame from the speech of the girl, half shame if she would have acknowledged it even to herself, that this peculiar character was in her list of acquaintances and that she had just received a neat little note which had asked her to go with the same peculiar character to one of the largest college dances of the year. She hoped the girls wouldn't notice her sudden silence. Several of the girls

spoke to Mr. Stacome and then Sally looked at Phyllis with a smile and said: "What do you suppose Bud told me last night, girls. Why, the honorable Mr. Stacome has a great crush on our gayest little flutter-by, our own little beauty, Miss Phyllis Newcomb. Undoubtedly Phyllis will soon be taking an interest in bugs and wisdom, and withdraw her name from our frat and declare society merely a waste of good time. Bud is heart-broken, says he supposes that somebody else beside himself will trip the light fantastic with—"

"Oh, Sally, you are so dreadfully silly lately—I—I—Why here's my corner, girlies, so good-bye until tomorrow."

"It's another case of Beauty and the Beast, that's all," laughed Sally.

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On a window seat, sunk deep into the cushions, sat a girl looking out over the housetops. The sun had set and the evening star twinkled brightly above the silhouetted church spires. The girl after a long inward debate, arose from the seat, turned on the electric light, went over to the little writing desk and wrote:



"Miss Phyllis Newcomb regrets that she will be unable to accept Mr. Stacome's kind invitation for April twenty-ninth."

Then with Sally's words of Beauty and the Beast, still ringing in her ears she wrote:

"Dear Bud: Awfully sorry that I can't go Friday eve, but I'm going to be out of town. Will probably see you afterward. Phyllis."

With disappointment full upon her, and disrespect for her cowardly self, she put out the light and threw herself upon the bed, saying "Phyllis Newcomb, you are the most selfish, cowardly, horrid girl. I know that that Stacome man is a fine fellow and what does Bud amount to—and why do you care what the girls say. You know very well you want to go, but—but this will never do. Tomorrow is the Math. Ex. and—I'll avoid all the girls. Sally is such a—such a, yes such a witty girl."

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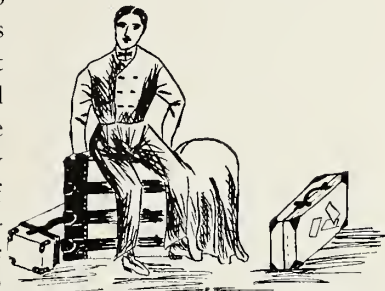
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The "allotment of bricks," a ceremony which gave to each member of Sigma Rho Delta, one brick of the fire-place upon which to place

his pedal extremity, was causing the usual amount of merriment. The roll was called and as each member's name was spoken, that member was given a brick. Some bricks were large and some so small that one of the men declared that he would have to use his in relays. The name Herman Ellis Randolph, more often spoken as Bud Randolph, was the last on the list, but no answer was given. As was customary the name was called three times but no answer being given, Bud's roommate, Sydney Nelson, was to be tried for murder, for surely Bud must have been killed, to miss the allotment of bricks. Sydney was acquitted when he explained that Bud was dead upstairs, whereupon Sigma Rho Delta took itself bodily to the establishment of Bud.

Utter astonishment was expressed in different ways as they entered Bud's room, by far the most artistic in the fraternity house. The walls were stripped—cushions, pictures, were nowhere to be seen, a lonely stool near the window was the only thing left. Bud was sitting complacently on a trunk in the middle of the room.

"Buddie going home?" "Buddie got some flunks?" "Buddie awful lonesome?" Such were the questions to which Bud solemnly replied. "Buddie's going to live down town." "Sweet Phyllis went awandering here and there" sang out a full baritone voice which was answered by Bud quickly pulling a square white envelope out of his vest pocket and as quickly putting it back. "You go wandering too, if you want to save your lovely collar," answered Bud. "Really fellows, cutting down expenses, going to live down town; going to use all extra for laboratory work and altho' its late to begin, am going to work. Got a little experiment on hand which if it works, will help Bud in another experiment" and unconsciously his hand went back to the white envelope.



"Well if I ever, Why, Bud," said Sydney, "are you carrying out your threat to deal with bugs, etc., a la Stacome?"

"Stacome?" and all the fellows laughed, they were slightly embittered by the sudden decision of Bud, and by the thought that Stacome was to gain what they were to lose.

"Of course, I'll come up every day and I'll look after the house while you're gone, but tomorrow morn, I go—so all ye fellows, fare ye well and good night. Out with you—out, I say—early to bed and early to rise, its nearly one o'clock now. Here, you Syd, come here and lock

the door. Good night, fellows, peace be with you.

Suppose you think I've got 'em, eh old boy, well, Syd flop down and I'll confess. You see, that's it, take that stool, well, Stacome's an awful crush on Phil and she's gone and refused him, and—well don't interrupt and don't grin—and me too, for the dance. Well, Bud's noble brain is sufficient to see that the rest of the girls made it uncomfortable for her about him and she's ashamed. Don't interrupt or I'll kill you. Sally has made all sorts of fun of him to dear old Phil, and altho' she's a fine girl she can't stand to be joshed, so rather than get joshed, she refused. See? Well, then I come. You see, she knows that he's a mighty clever chap with heaps of brains and she knows I haven't any, but that all the other girls like me, so she refuses me, too. Well, now I'm going down to that fellow's boarding house and I'm going to work with him, and I'm going to be something. I'm tired of having the girls think I'm nice and lovely with lots of coin, and have the fellows that are worth while, laugh in their sleeves, and say, 'well, yes, poor fellow, he's lots of money, but that's as far as it goes.' 'I'm tired of being petted and excused because I'm Bud Randolph. You needn't interrupt, you're as bad as the rest, as far as the petting goes. I'm tired of Sally, Jane, and Dorothy admiring my locks—I could pull every one of them out. Why, even Phyllis has said, often, 'But Bud, what are you going to do?' Imagine how a fellow feels when a girl asks him that. It's alright if he can answer something worth while, something to be proud of, but to smile and pass it over and hope she'll cut it out, because you're ashamed of your nothingness. I'm tired of it, Syd, tired, tired. And now go to bed, I'll start tomorrow morning, with Stacome by my side and I'll be something—if its nothing but a blacksmith.

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The Summer vacation was over and once again the excitement of the reopening of college was at its height. The greetings of the old friends, the establishment of the new, and the air of business pervaded the whole college town. A month slipped by quickly before anyone seemed to realize it.

Down the same broad walk came a crowd of the same jolly girls—all as jolly, all as happy as before.

"Phyllis is the gayest sort of flutter-by these days and no particular star in sight. We have all been doing our share of frolic, and when are we going to stop?" asked one of the girls.

"Oh as long as it goes we go with it," said Sally, "but truly, Phyllis is extremely gay, and oh girls, have you noticed the change in

Bud. Why, he's worked all Summer long and is going to keep it up, and they say—"

"Yes, Mr. Stacome says, you mean," interrupted Phyllis, "oh, girls, and have you noticed the change in Sally's opinion, just a month gone by with only thirty days, and Stakie's called just thirty."

"Brrrrr" interrupted, Sally whose blush was quite betraying, "Bud's been working all Summer long, of course with Mr. Stacome, or Stakie if you prefer, and they've done heaps of work, and Bud is going to keep it up. You know, girls, he's given up piles of fun and is going to graduate and—"

"But Phyllis, why does Sally inform us about that quarter of the earth, when we all know it's the Newcomb-Randolph monopoly? or have you changed."

"Oh no, I haven't changed at all girlies, Bud's changed and I'm nothing but a flutter-by, you know, Hi, ho—but lets hear the rest of all of Stakie's news. Bud's going to grad. and what else Sally?"

"Then he's going down to Mexico to take charge of some mine and I suppose he'll trip off with—a little girl you know." All the girls laughed, even Phyllis, who turned the tables by saying, "And where will you and Stakie go?" "Somewhere East of Suez," laughingly said one of the girls and then then they separated.

Phyllis once more sank upon the window seat and reflected that it couldn't be possible that a month had gone by and she hadn't seen Bud, once. She laughed and thought of how many good times she had had during the month. Bud had probably been very busy if he was going to graduate and she knew she would see him before very long.

The months slipped by. Phyllis was still the flutter-by, but Sally's "poetic prophecy" that she always had time to "bone" held true. With all the fun her scholarship was always high and she and Bud often worked together for it was as she thought. She soon saw Bud and oftener than she would have liked to admit to Sally whom she had joshed about Stacome's thirty visits. Yet not once the unhappy—or happy?—circumstance of the refused invitation was mentioned.

The time for graduation came at last. The weeks before had been quiet. Everyone realized the work at hand—some were worried, some contented, yet all had the feeling that comes when the last good bye is to be said to the Alma Mater, and this feeling had put a quiet over things in general, that was unusual. However, commencement week was gay. All the fraternities were to have open house and all the sororities likewise. Great excitement was everywhere.

In one sorority house, in particular, where reigned supreme Phyllis

Newcomb, Sally Parsons and the other bright and witty girls, an excitement that was simply intense held each member. It was dinner time of the evening of the commencement ball, when each girl confessed, as a great secret of course, whether or not she was engaged.

There was a moment of silence and all the girls looked down toward Phyllis, but she sat perfectly calm and perfectly innocent when up from the other end of the table rose a tall girl, and with a sweeping bow, said in a very quivering voice:

"Miss Sally Parsons takes great pleasure in announcing" there was a pause and all the girls murmured "her engagement," but Sally went on, "that she will leave for her home tomorrow afternoon." A burst of laughter followed and the girls said that there surely was more and it was no fair to be so disappointing. Then one of the girls imitating the boys, clapped her hands with a cry of "more, more," whereupon Sally stood up and with a sweet smile said: "If the ladies, all but Phyllis and Jane will adjourn to the reception room, we will have some more." Each of the girls laughing gaily went in and waited expectantly.

Shortly afterward they heard the piano in the music room, so off they went. There to their surprise they found part of the room curtained off and Jane all alone. When they were in the room, she told them to be seated. She began to play something very familiar to them all. In came Phyllis and Sally. When they were a short distance from the curtained portion, they stopped. Sally pulled aside the curtain and there stood Bud Randolph, Mr. Stacome and another person. Jane began to play softly. Bud stood beside Phyllis on one side and Sally on the other. Mr. Stacome stood to the right of Bud. Then the other person came out.

And there before all the girls who in their amazement could not realize what was going on, some of whom were still laughing over Sally's announcement, Phyllis Newcomb became Mrs. Herman Ellis Randolph, wife of him who always declared that by the refusal of one invitation, he had gained something, entirely worth while.

ELLA ROSS.



The Fall of the Violet



AY girls, have you seen that which is going to instruct us in the difficult subject of Ethics? It is so sweetly diffident, withal, so gently captivating—

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

The speaker was the prettiest of a group of pretty girls, and was very evidently their leader, for all laughed heartily at her description of the Ethics professor.

"Bear ye witness," she continued, "from now on do I eschew all frivolities, cease to chew gum, to whisper in class, to cut recitations, and all other vanities of this wicked world. Henceforth do I devote myself to the study of Ethics and to the captivation of the modest Violet who teaches it!"

"Oh, Jane dear, do let the poor thing alone," spoke up one of her friends. I suppose you mean to treat him as you did that poor fellow, Johnson, get him just crazy over you and then turn him down hard. It isn't right, child. Don't try it on a Prof. anyway."

"Listen to old Gertrude preaching again. You might think she had never carried on a bit of harmless flirtation in her life, but was a model of maidenly reserve and propriety, if you didn't know her! But there's the bell. All aboard for Ethics and the gentle Violet!"

Now "the Violet," as pretty Jane Dixon had christened the new Ethics professor, was very young, very diffident, and, it is to be feared, very susceptible. He had just come from an Eastern college, and the ways of Western maids were quite new and alarming to his sensitive nature. It was then, with a feeling of some trepidation that he faced his first class in the University of Nevada.

The Ethics class consisted entirely of girls. As they filed into the room, with the usual tendency of college students, nearly all sought seats as far remote from the instructor's desk as possible. But somewhat to his satisfaction, the prettiest of them all took a seat directly in front of him. The other girls were laughing, and nudging each other, and seemed to be in a gale of suppressed merriment. But this one, sweetly serious, and with an air of grave dignity, took her place and fastened her large brown eyes upon his face.

Her attention was perfect, her grasp of the subject seemingly

so good, and her whole attitude so thoroughly in accordance with his ideas of what students should be, that, quite unconsciously, all his remarks were directed to the young lady in the front seat. The fact that, after the class had passed out, he saw her on the campus, the noisest of a noisy group of giggling girls, though it wounded his sensibilities, in nowise abated his interest in the young lady.

Day after day, Jane took her seat before his desk and gravely listened with most profound attention to all his erudite remarks. The fact that she never asked a question or took a note upon his lectures, he regarded as an indication of a master mind which needed no explanation and no petty aids to memory. His whole course of lectures was prepared and delivered solely for Miss Jane Dixon's benefit. Sometimes, it is true, some disturbance, some more than ordinary frivolity on the part of some of the "foolish virgins" of the class, would cause him to narrow his watery blue eyes to two inquisitive slits, as he peered reprovingly through his gold-rimmed spectacles at the offender.

"How ever do you manage to be such an angel in class, Jane? You used to be such an awful cut-up, and now we really don't recognize you under that sanctimonious exterior," said one of the girls after class one day.

"Jane, Jane, you're not the same!"

Chanted another gaily. But Jane drew her face down to such an expression of rigid piety, and then peered at them in such a clever imitation of the Violet's most reproachful gaze, that they all went off into paroxysms of merry laughter.

"The real truth of the matter is girls," Jane confessed, "that I don't know one elementary thing about Ethics. I gaze into the Violet's eyes and immediately lose myself in dreams. I don't even see him, or know that he's there at all. Poor dear won't he be surprised when I flunk his exam.? I'll bet you a five pound box of Manheim's girls, that he'll pass me anyway, whether I flunk or not!"

"Done!" cried one of her friends, "He's too conscientious to pass anybody that didn't really get through. You can't work even the poor Violet that way."

"You just see if I don't," was Jane's only reply.

As June approached, the Violet's fascination for his pretty pupil became more and more apparent. He would watch for an opportunity to walk about the campus with her, would wait after class to give her little private observations on the day's lecture, and even called upon her one evening armed with a huge box of candy, and to her ecstatic delight, a cluster of most beautiful violets. These she managed to

keep fresh for an almost incredibly long time, and each day, when she appeared on the campus, a few of them adorned the front of her shirt-waist. This pleased the poor deluded Professor very much, and he began to debate very seriously the advisability of inviting Jane to accompany him to the Commencement Ball.

Some two weeks before the final examination in Ethics, the Violet gave a test. Poor Jane! Her paper was just about the worst in the class. Poor Violet! His ideal was in imminent danger of being shattered forever. He called upon her the next evening, and as she saw him coming she ran upstairs to her room, and persuaded one of the other girls to tell him that she had been nearly ill for the past two or three days and had gone to bed.

"Ah," thought the innocent Prof. "she was ill, her mind was not in its normal condition of brilliancy, that is why she gave me such a poor paper. Poor girl, what a disappointment it must have been to her after such earnest work throughout the term. Let me see, her paper is worth about 50 credits in reality, but I think I can conscientiously, in view of her past faithful work, raise it to a passing grade. She really did look ill, too."

"Going to bone for the Ethics final, Jane dear," asked one of her friends. "Not I," replied that lady, "too many other things to do. But I will pass it, you just see if I don't. The Violet asked me to go with him to the Commencement Ball, and I told him I really didn't know whether I should feel able to or not, but would let him know Wednesday evening."

"Today is Monday, tomorrow the day of the Ethics final. I see your little game, you mean to keep him in suspense until he passes you. You're a wretch you know you've already promised to go with Frank Rogers."

"Never mind, little girl," said Jane. Remember that five pound box of Manheim's," and off she went with a most irritating smile.

The examination was certainly very difficult, Jane had powdered her cheeks most liberally until their usual ruddy glow was dimmed to actual paleness. The Violet looked sympathetic, and corrected her paper among the very first. She had failed innominously. He went over the paper at least half a dozen times, but to his great distress, could not conscientiously give her more than fifty-three credits, while seventy were absolutely required to allow her to pass.

She came to him in the afternoon, still looking pale, and with cleverly applied dark circles under her pretty eyes. He told her that she had failed, feeling himself a brute as he did so.

Let us pass briefly over the temptation and fall of the Violet. A tear, a sob, a hint that with a failure she could not think of attending the Commencement Ball, especially as this failure would prevent her from graduating, and the Violet's fall was accomplished. His report was ready to send to the President's office, but he changed Jane's standing sufficiently to give her a passing grade. Then he gave her the report to take to the office.

When she had gone, his conscience smote him. He wandered to a window and stood gazing out. Suddenly he became aware of a very noisy group of girls directly under the window. Could it be? yes it was Jane, her paleness vanished, the circles gone from under her eyes, every vestige of illness gone. She was laughing gleefully and actually showing the girls his report, and pointing to the place where he had changed her standing.

He saw her as she started away from the group, meet his particular aversion, that young fop, Frank Rogers. He saw her show the paper to that worthy young man. He heard her call to the girls, "Remember, ladies I win that box of Manheim's best, bring it to the Com. ball and Frank and I will receive it from you as we head that glorious grand march!"

Slowly he turned from the window, sadly he drooped into a chair. His head inclined toward his bosom, a sigh which sounded like a sob came from his breast, and the poor Violet had wilted!

GOODWIN S. DOTEN.



"In the Good old Summer Time"

A Lost Soul

D



OWN—with splendor majestic—slowly down—as into a bed of pines and flowers wild—sank the red sun, the half and mighty ruler of man's destinies. The deep lake of pearly waters cast, 'neath the last arrows of the departing, the varied, the ever changing and enchanting colors of the rainbow. High, high up on a crag, facing the sun, facing the city, which lay nestled on the mountain near the opposite shore, stood a man, young and lithe, black eyed and black haired, fierce and defiant—stood until the first pure mountain twilight reigned, stood and cursed the just departing sun ending with, "and may you never rise"—stood there on the crag burning with a passion unappeasable—even till the broad high windows of the distant shore shone scintillant over the now star-impearled Elysium of waters. Then he descended and the plash of his oars might be heard with strokes quick and regular—in the element blue, in the waters.

He was a dreamer who wasted his days and nights in dreams. He was an absintheur, a sot—who often drank deep and raved. It was whispered that in the madness of intoxication two eyes ever gazed at him—eyes of hatred and malice—and a voice would whisper through the darkness—you are lost—are lost. He was a lover who loved the most beautiful girl in yon lighted town. She loved him not—only suspected his love—and often smiled on him. She would wince under his searching gaze and flush. Then he would curse himself for tormenting her, for he knew she loved him not. He was a student who spent his days and nights pondering the mysteries of the soul. He loved to wander in the mountains and the lonely valleys. And it might have been written of him,—“He shall be a wild man, his hand will be against all men and all men's hands against him.”

She was beautiful. A Grecian forehead and nose; deep blue eyes; long myterious lashes—all shaded by huge and heavy masses of hair—brown as a chestnut when autumn first touches it with a kiss. In height—a little above the medium—slender and with the grace we would suppose an angel to possess. Her's a natural grace, trained and tamed by long drill under a dancing master. She was too good for him. He thought not so. For he was a dreamer, a student of the soul. Strange and wild were his theories, his hypotheses. He would think—“the heart contains the soul. If two hearts should touch, as the soul is

leaving each, the souls will unite, as a kindred element, to form one soul, which, being then entire, no longer a complement to another soul as are the souls of man and woman, but all sufficient in itself, will live forever in ecstasy." You might say it is a wild theory, it is absurd. Disprove it, if you can.

He was nearing the city. Still was the night and silently lengthed the ripples from the tips of the oars. The skiff at length drew up 'neath the dark wharves under a warehouse, which looked like a black and threatening fort or an abode of the silent damned. 'Neath its deep dark shadows he did tread, into the darkness.

We have now reached the last scene of our picture. The hours of night were fast melting into the hours of early morn. Darkness was upon the face of the earth but the moon cast a yellow and weird glow. The dance was over and the dancers were scattering hither and thither to their places of abode. And as he watched and waited 'neath the eaves and pillars of a darkened house, a black horse lately gotten by him



pawed the ground and sniffed at the air. It seemed like centuries that he waited before he heard the approaching sounds of laughter. He hugs himself with ecstatic joy for it will not be long before she will

love him with a love, strong and everlasting and pure as only such a love as he knows can be.

It was but the work of a moment to snatch her from the arms of her escort and be off into the darkness. The escort, the fool, stood dumbfounded. The wild, black steed, maddened by the spur, plunged on and on, away from the precincts of civilization and into the mountains and guided by its master's unerring hand, began to climb up, up among the crags, up, up. It seemed to him like ages, for these awful eyes were following him, were leering at him, were threatening him. And the voice was whispering those awful words: "You are lost, are lost." He dismounted with his lovely burden. The maddened steed again plunged on and he heard its agonizing cry as it fell from the cliff. "The eyes are growing close," he muttered, "It must be done quickly." A dagger gleamed in the star-light—one, two, three quick slashes and

he held in his hand still throbbing, still pulsating like a captured bird, the heart, the case containing the soul of his love. The body, neglected now, lay half buried in the chaparral and wild flowers. Once more the dagger was at arm's length—pointed toward his own breast. Slowly, surely it moved on toward his own heart; then it fell with a ring and clatter on the hard rocks. Then a cry, absinthine, despairing, terrible—having in it something of hell, sobbed—"lost." A great hawk flew screaming by crying, "lost." The chasms below re-echoed the sound crying "lost, lost," then all was silent.

That was a lonely and difficult trail. The bleaching bones of a skeleton still leans against a crag. The face grins terribly but the death's head is bowed. It is a lonely vigil but sweet—Only does that voice still whisper, "you are lost—are lost!" J. V. COMERFORD.



Business and Cupid



He rose to meet her as she entered the room. The light fell full upon his face. His presence impressed her at once. He waited a moment before he spoke, as if he were giving her time to "size him up." She noted that he was a strong, sensible, rather masterly looking man. His face was smooth, his hair and complexion dark, his eyes peculiarly frank, his mouth and chin well set. He was dressed for the street, rather than the parlor, in a quiet becoming but inconspicuous way. When he spoke his voice was steady, and his tones clear.

"My name is Humphrey Wills, and you are Helen Addison, I believe," and he gave her his hand.

She took his hand with a feeling of confidence and acquaintance at which she wondered afterward. Just then it seemed the entirely natural thing to do.

"I am Helen Addison," she answered.

"If you are not engaged this evening I would like the favor of talking to you a little while," he said, as he loosed his hold upon her hand, rather reluctantly she thought. "It is a matter of great concern to us both."

"I was writing, but my writing will wait," she replied, casting about in her mind to know what matter might concern her in common with this stranger. She half suspected he was a solicitor of some sort.

"It will take me some time to state my business," he went on. "I would like to be sure of stating it to you alone."

She looked him in the eyes searchingly for an instant. Then she turned and closed the door, and with a smile motioned him to a seat.

"Thank you," he said, with all the emphasis of her look in his tones. "I hope always to deserve your confidence. But I will not ask it further without giving you better reason for it. Will you glance over these letters, please."

She was both annoyed and disappointed. Her fear that he was a solicitor was confirmed. Yet it could not be that he was any ordinary agent. He probably represented some religious or philanthropic enterprise. She did not remember to have met him in any work with which she was associated. She took the letters indifferently.

The first one she opened was in her father's quite familiar hand-

writing. It was brief and businesslike. But it meant much to Helen Addison who knew how careful her father was about giving letters of commendation. It was dated that day. The letter ran:

To Whom It May Concern:—This will introduce Mr. Humphrey Wills, who has been in our employ for five years. I have no hesitation in describing him as a man of the highest principles. A more genuine man I do not know. He is sound, safe, sensible. I would trust him in any position he is willing to undertake. Sincerely,

Alfred S. Addison.

"I do not need to read further," she said, holding forth the other letters unopened. "Papa's word is sufficient. He does not often give such unstinted praise." And she allowed herself another smile, though more perplexed than ever.

"I am very anxious that you shall be altogether persuaded of my reliability before I state my business," he said, without taking the letters. "You will recognize some of these other names I think," and he mentioned four or five men of standing, among them the Addison's family physician. "Doctor Morton was kind enough to examine me as to my sanity, and to testify that in his opinion I am of sound and disposing mind," and he laughed pleasantly.

"I am quite curious, Mr. Wills," she replied, letting the letters fall in her lap. "Am I to advise you as to your last will and testament? You are rather young to be in such haste?"

"The matter is even more important," he answered, seriously. "I may consult you about my will later." This with a smile, which was gone almost as soon as it came.

"What can be more important than a will?" she queried. "A wont," he retorted.

"You are fond of enigmas," she said perplexedly.

"On the contrary, Miss Addison, I am fond of plain speech. and



the most direct dealing. That is the reason of my approach to you to-night in this unusual fashion. I am afraid that my proposition will tempt you to doubt my sanity. I offer Doctor Morton's testimonial in all earnestness." And he made as if he would indicate the letter to her.

"I have had no experience with crazy people, she replied, and she looked at him searchingly again. "Let me see. Papa says you are sound, safe, sensible. What can I ask more? You do not look dangerous. I will take your word for it that Doctor Morton's letter leaves no room to doubt that you are in your right mind. But you are taxing severely my curiosity, Mr. Wills. You may state your proposition. I am prepared to be surprised."

She smiled yet, but he thought there was the trace of a shadow on the horizon of her eyes.

He plunged in. "As your father's letter indicates I have worked for him five years. He has treated me well. This interview may end my service, but my appreciation of his kindness will remain. But I do not come to you because you are his daughter. I could have come easier if your father had been almost anyone else. Your position frightened me at first. It has never attracted me. You have. I have watched you at a distance ever since you returned from school a year ago. I was on the train that brought you home. I have learned much about you since. But I could not meet you without seeming to seek your society more than might be deemed proper. Besides I am traveling most of the time, and if I had entree into the society in which you move I could give so little attention to it that my progress in your acquaintance

must needs be very slow. Yet I have come to value your favorable attention more than my position, more than my reputation, more than anything else. I have weighed the whole matter with utmost care, because it is of such vast consequence to me, and at length decided to come to you to-night, and if the opportunity were given, to ask you in a simple, straight-forward way for the privilege of trying to win your hand."

Helen Addison's color rose swifter than the flow of his words. Astonishment, amusement, anger, and alarm chased each other across



her face, and struggled for possession of her eyes. Had he looked away, or hesitated for an instant she might have done almost anything from screaming for help to ordering him haughtily from the house. But although his face grew white and tense, and his voice vibrated as if someone had struck the chords violently he kept his eyes unwaveringly upon her to the end. And amid the conflict of her emotions she was half conscious of the thought that his eyes were like the sky on some dark, unclouded night when the endless vista of world upon world interprets to us the meaning of infinitude, and the turmoil of the day gives place to an unspeakable calm. There flashed across her memory with more than the speed of light a powerful passage from the writings of Alexander von Humboldt, in which the great naturalist and traveller recites his experience with an earthquake, when his senses reeled with the sickening instability of everything about him, until his eyes were fixed upon the stars and their everlasting quietude brought him to himself again.

She could have cried, or laughed, or scorched him with hot words of indignation, or frozen him with icy sarcasm. She marvelled afterward that she should have done anything else. Yet she did nothing of the kind. He stopped, but he did not drop his eyes. She looked at him in absolute silence, till the stillness of the room was such that each fancied the other must hear the throbbing of the heart within. Then she said with all the forced quietness of his own manner:

"How do you know that I am not already engaged?"

It was not just the response he expected. Her self possession excited him more than some passionate outburst would have done. Yet he was not blind to the storm which he had raised under her cool



demeanor. While the answer waited her beauty laid hold of him as never before. What a magnificent creature she was. He was overwhelmed with an almost uncontrollable longing to gather her into his arms. He trembled for very fear that he might attempt it. The boldness of his course appalled him. He was frightened now, like one who having climbed to some dizzy height in reckless mood, fears that his madness may lead him to the fatal leap. He clenched his hands unconsciously, and the sweat came on his forehead. And for the first time that evening his voice was husky as he gasped:

"I don't know. I pray God you are not."

His excitement saved the day. It was too genuine to be mistaken. His soul leaped to his eyes and met her there. She knew him in a moment as years of ordinary acquaintance would not have revealed him. His daring thrilled her. The strength of will that had kept him calm up to that instant compelled her admiration. His present passion and agony of self restraint moved all the woman in her. The very weakness that threatened him with collapse touched the fountains of compassion within her and the inward flow of tears, refused an outlet at her glistening eyes, swept away all the scorn of offended conventionality, the reserve of polite training, even the bewilderment of his abrupt announcement, and she answered as if her own soul had asked the question which his words implied:

"I am not."

He could not speak. Her gentleness was like the pressure of an arm about his neck. It both supported and stifled him. He saw the tears below the surface of her lids. He struggled hard with himself, but no word came. Then she spoke again.

"How did you dare to do it?"

The challenge in her voice was like a cup of cold water to a fainting man. He jumped to his feet.

"I was a fool," he said, brushing his hand hastily across his eyes as if he were putting something away. "The first sight of you charmed me. I could not get you out of my thoughts. I scorned the common ways of courtship. They were barred to me had I desired them. I have been flattered for my ability to accomplish things in a direct way. Half your charm to me was that you seemed so thoroughly sensible, so far removed from cant and sham of every sort. I thought of you so much that I felt as if we knew each other. So I said to myself that if I might get your attention for half an hour I might win a place in your thoughts which I could never win in any other way. I was willing to risk everything on it. But I risked too much. I had no right to

shock you so. I have insulted you, to throw aside the veil before the Holy of Holies of your heart in this violent fashion. I dared it because I believed that you were too much of a woman to treat me with contempt. Yet I deserve contempt. My visit is a sacrilege. Pardon me, and let me go. Forget me as soon as you can."

He moved toward the door, but she stood where she had risen.

"You wanted half an hour," she replied, her own voice shaken a little with the strain. "I think I shall have to hold you to it now. You are not a fool, though your course is very unusual."

"But I have not told you all," he broke in. "How shall I tell you to what height of stupidity my imagination went, or the extent of the profanation which I had in mind? Yet you shall know all. Then you shall turn me out as I deserve."

He came a step toward her, and drew himself up with a deep breath. "I am not sure that I can say it, Miss Addison. The very thought of it seems so preposterous now. It is worse than insulting. It was imbecile. Do you know I flattered myself that before I went out from this house to-night you would give me of your own free will that which I have never asked of any other woman—a kiss."

The red flamed in her face. She started back as if he had struck her. His own face was hot with shame.

"Having said so much I must say more," he went on. "I have loved you so that you have filled my dreams by day and by night. You were no stranger to me, but nearer and dearer than mother or sister whom I have known all my life. I have held the waters of my affection back till they swept everything before them through the outlet of this purpose into which I reasoned myself. I almost forgot that you did not know me. I persuaded myself that I could open my heart to you as a man opens a business proposition. And I believed that my love could command your love, that the sacredness of my devotion toward you would banish all sense of strangeness between us, and I dared to hope, absurd, extravagant, yes wicked as the expectation seems now—I dared to hope that my offering might be accepted and that you would sanctify it with a —"

His voice broke under the stress of his emotion. He leaned upon the chair, and bowed his face, while he struggled with himself to regain self-command. There was the sound of an approaching footstep in the hall. He glanced up nervously. Helen Addison was close beside him. "It is papa. He is going up stairs," she said. The step receded. Helen Addison was so close to him that her dress brushed his hand. Her eyes were full of tears. But the tears were lighted with a

smile. She lifted her face toward him, in unmistakable attitude, and with glowing cheeks answered softly, "Hope maketh not ashamed."



A Parable of the Sleigh Bells



HE beautiful toned bells jingled in harmonious glee as a pair of spirited bays sped over the snow paved drive-way. The air tingled with the pure frostiness of a mid-winter day, and either cheek of the girl flushed a rosy pink, while the man's nose shone with perhaps an unbecoming, although healthy, redness.

Fur robes were piled in extravagant luxury about the twain, and being young, enjoyment should have thrilled them through and through. But the man's dark eyes betrayed tokens of hopelessness, and the girl appeared as if mentally striving for that which she knew not.

"Always the same answer, Lou, with never a grain of hope. Why, why can't you decide to marry me, dear?"

"Oh, Dave! I thought that question was settled—yet I might have known you would come back to it."

"Why?"

"For you always do."

"Yes, I always do, because it is the dearest wish of my heart. Lou, Lou, you are so tantalizing; so adorable, yet the most obstinate mortal I know."

"And you are quite the most persistent friend on my list of acquaintances, Dave."

"But tell me why you wont marry me; for you admit that you love me just a little, that there is no other fellow, and I know your father considers me a half-way decent chap. Pray give me your reasons, Lou dear."

"Well, Dave, I will. You know my one ambition is to be an artist, don't you? You realize that I devote the greatest part of my time in studying and painting, don't you? And my professor tells me that I have a decided talent along this line—that it would be a sin to neglect it. You see my whole life is wrapped up in art, and I am doing well and am happy, so why should I wish to change it all, Dave?"

"Are you not a wee bit selfish, Lou? Do you never think of others?"

"Indeed I do, and have I not thought of your very own self even more than I have of my career in deciding upon my action in this

matter? Just see how well you are getting along! Why Dave, you were promoted three times last year, and I overheard papa say that you would be admitted as Junior partner of the firm before another six months. If you had a wife to support and worry about, I am sure it would keep you back. So there, Davy, have I not consulted other's interests besides my own in refusing to be your wife?"

"Yes, yes; but your point of view is far different from mine. Why if you would consent to marry me, Lou, how much harder would I strive to overcome difficulties. With a wife and a home of one's own to care for and to go to after the day's hard work instead of a tiresome club! Oh, Lou, would not you be happier? As for myself, I repeat that it is the dearest wish of my heart."

"I have seen so much of married life, Dave. And the wives grow listless and discontented; their spheres become limited, and their husbands degenerate into mere automatons devoid of all ambition."

"So you cherish no ideas of a congenial wedded life, dear? All men and women lose track of their earlier aims after marriage; there is a discord and jangle soon after the couple plight their vows to travel in double harness. If I convince Miss Contrary Lou that there are exceptions will she give me her promise true?"

"If you truly convince me, Dave, I shall promise to be yours, dear."

The bays trotted briskly over the glistening snow, high-stepping, splendidly matched animals. A string of bells encircled each horse, and the mingling of the chimes was all in harmony.

Dave pulled up on the reins, halted the team and handed the leather ribbons to Lou.

"Hold them just a moment, Lou."

Lou was curious, yet she made no comment as Dave alighted from the cutter, and removed one string of bells, which he put in the bottom of the sleigh. He took the reins and the impatient horses resumed their fast clip. But no blithesome jingle rang out on the wintry atmosphere; the sole circlet of bells was deep toned, a veritable bass, and alone the bells sounded harsh and unmusical. Something was lacking; the highstrung bays seemed to notice the defect, and their ears twitched as if they were annoyed; Lou questioned Dave with her blue eyes.

Don't you see, Lou, what a lonely old rattle those bells emit. They are sending up a pitiful appeal for companionship. They were not intended to ring by themselves—it's an unsatisfying mission—not only to the bells, but to all who come in hearing distance of their monotonous solo. Don't you agree with me, Lou?"

"Indeed I do—and why did you take off the other string?"

"Oh, I am just illustrating a little life lesson."

Somehow the horses became fractious, they either wanted to bolt, or lagged in an unwonted fashion. Lou's nerves began to cringe as the jangle-jangle-jangle of the bass bells kept up their monotone.

"Dave, do replace the other string, wont you?"

"Certainly, Lou."

And again the horses were stopped; Dave took out the chimes from the cutter and buckled them about the horse. But before he got into the sleigh he unfastened the other string and brought it into the cutter with him.

Once more the satin-skinned equines dashed over the packed and frosty boulevard. This time a high-pitched jingle cut the zero air. Shrill and piercing the silvery bells shook out their tones.



"Lou, hear how those bells are appealing for their companion piece! They are far more dramatic in their clamor than were these old drones at our feet. But is not the trend of their appeal somewhat similar? Do they not lack a balancing chord, a steady bass note to offstand the shrill tinkle of their silvery throats? Is it that their minor tongues are singing for a mate— a heavy, essential other half? Lou, Lou, can you not see just what I wish to illustrate with these two strings of bells?"

"I believe I do, Dave."

"And don't you understand that woman was made for man; that a rightly constituted man is a prosy old string of bass bells until the sweetest woman in the world chimes in with a beautiful treble accompaniment? Dear, wont you be convinced, and wont you be mine?"

"Dave, please fasten on the bass bells."

Dave did as he was bidden, and the perfectly harmonious strains of the minor and bass bells jingled across the pure whiteness of the snow mantled earth.

"They sound lovely in unison, Dave, and oh, you dear, dear convincing string of bass bells!"

JOHN HAROLD HAMLIN.

The Conversion of Wu Chow



IN the early nineties, Fresno," said my friend Hartsaw, "was a hot town. That semblance of virtue which, later became chronic, manifested itself then only in spasmodic outbursts. Chinatown was raided occasionally and the court-house would be loaded with trophies till the zealous deputies carried them off, and the papers would be full of compliments to the active and energetic police force, while the same dens would be running full blast under the very shadow of their offices. But gambling paraphernalia is expensive, and business suffers from interruption. The proprietors of these joints became anxious for immunity from even such occasional irruptions of the law. And about this time Wu Lee Chow came to Fresno.

Wu Chow was a fine specimen of the high-class Chinaman. Well educated, speaking English and French with as much fluency as his mother tongue, wealthy, too, for his quarters in Chinatown were marvels of Oriental luxury. He was a tong man of course, one of the chiefs of the Sam Suey's. Altogether, the sort of a man to cause considerable remark in a town like Fresno.

There were all sorts of conjectures afloat as to the nature of his business, but any direct inquiries, Wu, with characteristic reserve, turned aside. The Hides and Copper National Bank, had been established for nearly a year before it was rumored that the enterprise was backed by the coin of the subtle Celestial.

Now the Hides and Copper Bank was apparently a most worthy institution of its kind with the usual complement of sleek, smooth-shaven tellers and cashiers. But within a few months it came to be rumored around Fresno, that the Hide and Copper Bank was a huge fake. Loans were hard to get, even on the most gilt-edged security, yet would-be depositors were assured that the bank's funds were full to overflowing. The bank building on I, just across from the first street of the Chinese quarter, was a large, heavy, gloomy looking structure of which only the front was used for banking purposes. When questioned, the officers of the bank had answered that the rear rooms were safety-deposit vaults, yet unfinished.

But, though you may fool the police, the public is a harder proposition, and it wasn't long before a respectable number of Fresnoites

knew that the Hides and Copper Bank was a gambling establishment on a scale as yet unheard of in the San Joaquin. Its success was unparalleled. The police were soon discouraged by two raids that revealed only empty rooms, and though they were positive that their failure was due to an underground connection with the dens across the track, yet a couple of "inspired" articles in the leading papers caused them to refrain from further efforts. Several mysterious disappearances and the suicide of a prominent young Fresno business man threatened more than once to bring the "bank" into dangerous publicity, but in some way or other, these dangers were averted and Wu Chow continued his career of prosperity unchecked till the Chinese Board of Missions decided to save the Celestial souls of Fresno.

Miss Ethel Fleming, had behind her a record of heroic effort in most uncomfortable foreign places, but from the moment of her introduction to her Fresno subjects she seemed to concentrate her efforts upon the wily soul of Wu Chow. Wu was most unexpectedly willing to be saved. He read the books that Miss Fleming lent him, he subscribed liberally to Miss Fleming's mission, he attended church regularly—with Miss Fleming. Altogether it was easily seen that Wu sought no other Paradise than might be found in the eyes of the young missionary; that her heart was the sanctuary before which he became the most passionate worshipper. If Ethel was aware of the nature of the feeling of her zealous proselyte, she gave no sign. Her efforts towards his reformation were unabated, till one day the sporting world of Fresno was paralyzed to hear of Wu's engagement to the fair young missionary, coupled with the announcement that the "Hides and Copper Bank" had definitively suspended operations.

The next few months were a dream of unalloyed happiness to Wu. Never was there a more loyal convert, never a more ardent missionary. Of course the gossips shook their heads and cackled; more than one minister of the gospel felt constrained to remonstrate, and the Secretary of the Board of Missions announced that he would ask for Miss Fleming's resignation at the next annual meeting of the Board, but none of these things could disturb the happiness of the young lovers. Consequently, Fresno was acutely conscious of a large sensation when one morning in the late fall it was discovered that Ethel Fleming had eloped with Jack Straughton, gambler and all-round bad man, late faro-dealer in the "Hides and Copper." No one had suspected it, Wu least of all. But whatever his feelings, he concealed them under the most imperturbable oriental stoicism. To one or two, who were bold enough to question him, he replied with some cynical Confucian proverb on the

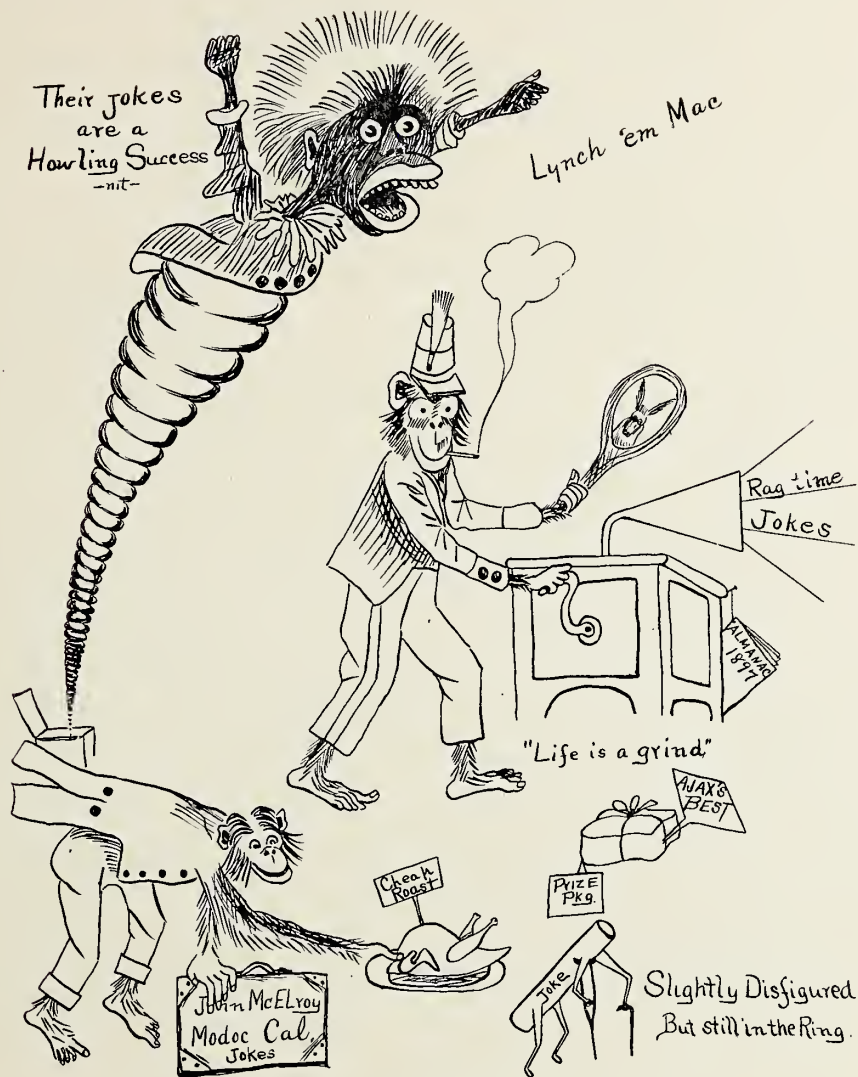
ways of woman."

* * * * *

"Three years ago," Hartsaw slowly resumed, when he had taken another drag on the opium pipe, "I saw Wu Chow in San Francisco. He was on his way to Paris as a representative from the Christian Chinese of the Canton Provinces, to the Congress of Religions then in session there.

"A month or two later I met Jack Straughton. He was a miserable wreck of a man, white and shaking from the effects of a prolonged debauch. A prominent member of the Six Companies told me, very confidentially, that Straughton and his once lovely wife were supported in their wretchedness only by Wu's gratuity. And thus was forced upon me a hypothesis in which I had never thought to believe—the sincerity of Wu Chow's conversion."





The Josh(?) Editors Get Down to Work.

“Ye Grinder”

Behold yon doleful wight and dour,
Whose crabbed visage, stern and sour,
Looks on ye world with sinister glower,
Ye Grinder.

Each night before his weary eyes
He sees a fearful task uprise,
Whereat he heaveth useless sighs,
Ye Grinder.

He wots his shafts are poisoned darts,
Yet recks not of the angry smarts
They leave within the co-ed's hearts,
Ye Grinder.

And when he rummages a list
Of ancient, syndicated jests,
He will be called a plagiarist,
Ye Grinder.

Full well he wots there shall be shed—
And that ere many days are sped—
A thousand cusses on his head,
Ye Grinder.

In truth he is a luckless wight,
Who grindeth jokes by day and night;
All sweet saints pity him his plight,
Ye Grinder.



The Blowflies

Listen to the blow-flies, humming every day,
All the lower animals wonder what they say.
If they came to college, would they make their reps
As shining lights with all the Profs,
Or flunk like Second Preps?



Catlin's weeping tenor voice.



SENIOR WEEKLY.

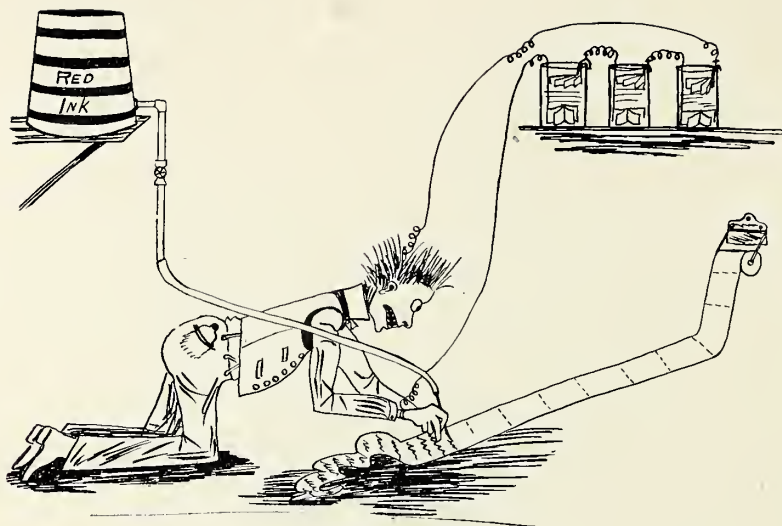


Seen at Miss Martin's Art Lecture.



Roberts attempts to emulate Gibson.





The Scribe

Though his tendencies are yellow
And his verses meterless,
He's not such an awful fellow,
This gay, reckless journalist.



FRESHMAN MEETING



The way the Hall music(?) sounds to the Cottage.



Arnot

In the palmy days of ancient Rome
The ladies when abroad or home
Would sit at ease in a lazy chair
And languidly fan their faces fair.
But Laura performed another feat
Which, people say, was very neat,
She sat upon the basket ball
And fairly shook the crowded hall.



Supernatural

Waiter—(Who has unknowingly spilt soup on Barney) You don't look natural tonight Barney"

Barney—No, supernatural.



Pork (gazing at Subway in the course of construction)—"There is going to be a grand opening soon."

Dyke—Yes, but it is going under.



Taylor and McElroy began to look serious when it was rumored that Carrie Nation intended visiting Reno.

Hunewill Vs. Clancy

Cottage Basement, Midnight.

Referee—Matron Blume,

Time-keeper—Tonopah.

Seconds—Markus Kelley and Texas Charlie.

First Round—Principals advance to center of ring. Hunewill feints with left. Clancy lands right on ear. clinch; Volley of hooks, jabs, swings and uppercuts. Clancy rushes Hunewill against the furnace. Clancy leads with right, Hunewill dodges and swings heavily on Clancy's eye.

Clancy throws up the sponge.



McElroy

John McElroy promoted lynching bees,
And many times attended cocktail sprees,
When yet a child. ~~He~~ ~~was~~
In evil courses Modoc spent his youth
But since those days he has reformed, good sooth,
Grown meek and mild.

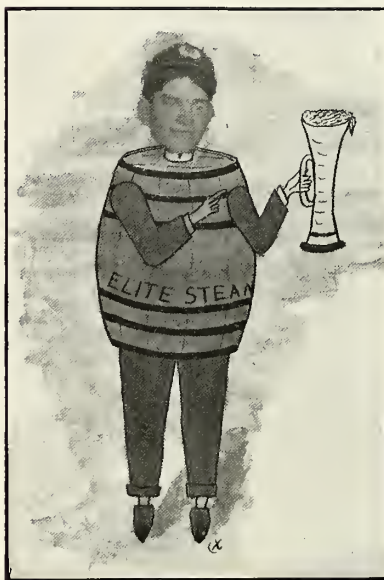


Hobart

A look of strange and awed surprise
Came into Maud's sweet, dove-like eyes
As on the ice she slipped and fell.
What the dear girl said 'tis hard to tell.



Bull's stunt at the Cottage.



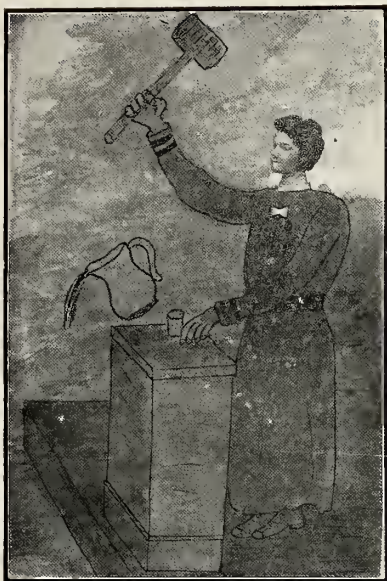
Whit

If I were King; Oh, Lord, if I were King,
 What casks and kegs of lager would I
 bring.
 To set before me and to gurgle out
 Rich amber schooners for my thirsty
 throat,
 I'd have a brace of Japs upon the string
 And every hour each knave of them should
 bring
 Full schooners, till I felt my heart afloat,
 If I were king.



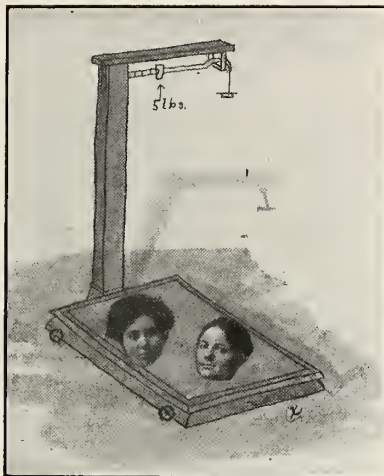
O'Hara

I wonder if she'll properly appreciate
 The toil and trouble that these loving
 hands
 Have taken, properly to decorate
 With my great name, writ not on desert
 sands.
 These bloomers, dear, yea, trebly dear to
 For in each fold are memories of thee.



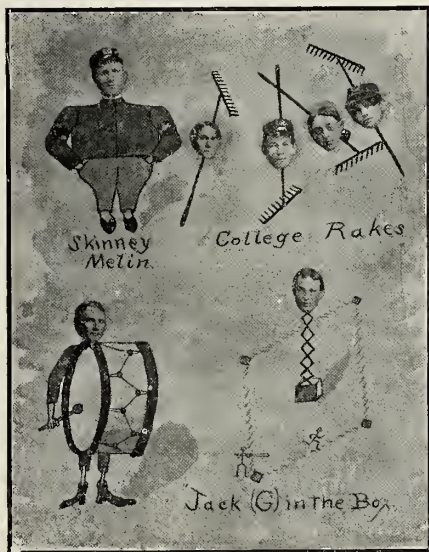
Hershiser

Though you've won the appellation
Of the famous Carrie Nation—
Stern denouncer of the booze,
With your wondrous comprehension
You should have no apprehension
Of Carrie's favorite muse.



Kent--Plumb

No matter where they wander in Cupid's
marts,
These two maidens will exert a five-pound
pressure on all hearts.



Frank Smith, the musician, and others.



Saxton

Saxton, with his tried henchman, Heizer,
laid low while the intrepid Sophs led a tal-
lowed pig to the Freshmen Glee. Freshies
did not take kindly to the new guest and
with much violence forced him from the hall.
The base "Chaw," waiting on the outside,
caught the pig and sold him into slavery for
four dollars.



New to Him

Waiter—Do you like codfish balls?
Student—Never attended one.



Riordan

Once Andy rode the bucking bronc,
'Twas his sole occupation,
But now in football he creates
Tremendous consternation;
So he who reads may plainly see
In this peregrination,
The ethical advantage of
A college education.



Shier

To all your flights of imagination,
Sweet Laura, there is one ob-
jurgation:
You pine for a place in the
social whirl,
Where you can forget you're
a little girl
Whose head has grown too
fast to meet
The necessities which should
make you discreet.

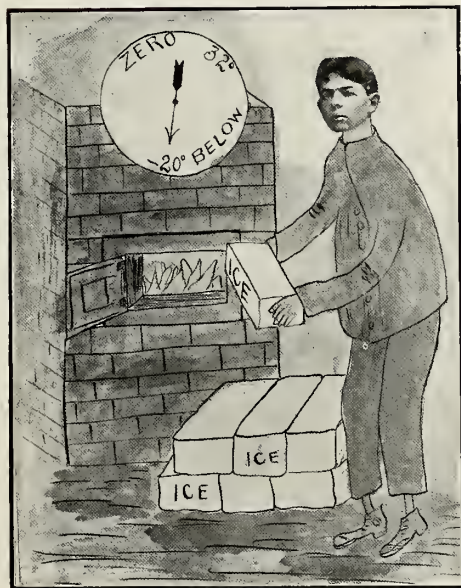


Defined at Last

1st Co-ed: What is a kiss?
2d Co-ed: A kiss is a whis-
tie reversed.



Worthing
The Anarchist as depicted by Thurteill.



Harrington

Get onto Harrigan, behold him
hump
His brawny back to stuff another
lump
Of concentrated coldness in the
Hall.
Were justice done, old man, you
would be froze
Within unending, icy Arctic
snows,
Yea, frozen stiff, horn, hair, lies
and all



Souls at rest.

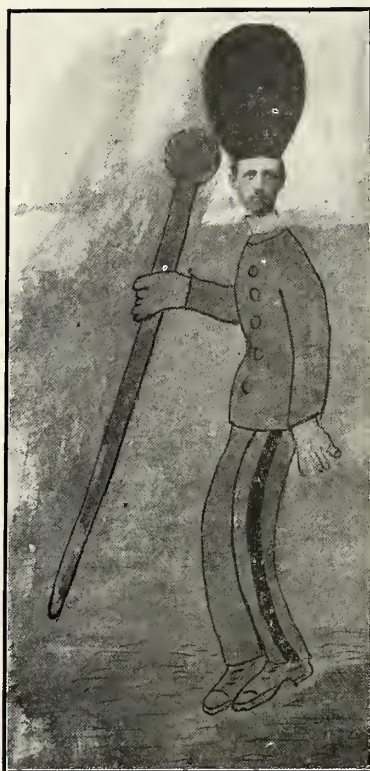
Scene at the Cottage on a warm
summer's night.

'Tis strange, 'tis strange, 'tis passing strange, that the exclusive and æsthetic Cottage maid should prefer the stern and monocled beauty of the modern Chesterfield to the blonde, patois-lisping charms of the Mississippi Bubble.

'Tis strange, I say, 'tis strange.
Perhaps he is not wise.

Mrs. Blume: Why don't you act like a white man?

Texas Charlie (hotly): You done call me niggah?



Heizer

Ye modern Falstaff marches forthe
Remarke hys martial treade.
Puffed up ys he withe vanite,
Glory hath turned hys heade.
Yea, oftimes Heizer sallies forthe at night
And waves hys leadeing stick from left
to right.

Warning

To a Member of Our Faculty; We have received information from reliable sources (not the hunch bureau) that a prosperous Lovelock landlord keeps well within his reach a blunderbuss and is ever on the alert for a young man who, as he expresses it, was so "crazy on rocks" that he did not take time to pay his board bill.



Pike

Sweet Fan you have an awful knack
Of keeping suitors on the rack
And making their poor hearts feel sore
As you send them waltzing through the
door
With: "You make me thic; you make me
thic."

Was It a Coincidence.

The abject slaves suddenly became financially embarrassed, and the Æsthetics appeared bedecked with bright ribbons and Easter bonnets.



McVicar

Of all the knockers who forever clamor
And prance around with a rusty hammer
Knocking their rivals in every class,
The champion is Junior Looking-glass,
The poor lad captured the fairy-like Weeks,
And since, his fractured cranium leaks.



Dutiful

Rap-rap, comes a knock on the drawing-room
door. Prof. Darling consults Prof. Blessing as to
whether or not he shall answer it.

Lead Pencil

The Drum Major, losing his baton,
leads the Band twirling his
pencil around his fingers.

With his usual smile, Dyke remarks:
We are le(a)d by a pencil.



Riordan: Return those flowers to
me, Stark; Choppie accuses me of
stealing them.

Stark: Too late; I have already
sent them to Irma. Notice us at
the dance tonight.



Was It Libel?

Prof. Doten made a trip to Gardnerville
and stayed over night.

On his return he announced to
the scientific world his discovery of
a new species of bugs.

A few days later a Gardnerville
landlord makes an emphatic denial
and threatens to bring suit.



Wonderful

During the winter a student accidentally
discovered the radiator in
his room to be slightly warm.



Co-ed: Why have you turned
your stocking inside out?

Jeanette: Because there is a hole
in the other side.

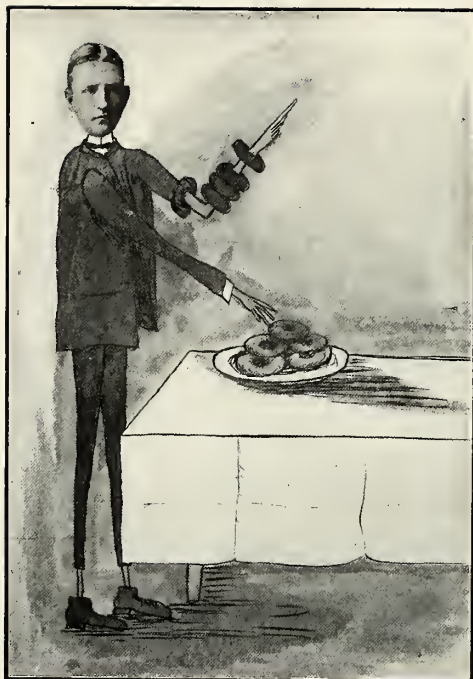


Erickson and Leavitt visited in
Wadsworth for a few days. While
merrily making preparations for
their return they were taken into
custody, charged with purloining
an overcoat. A friend happened
along, paid for the coat and saved
them from the toils of the chain-
gang. (They only wear the coat
on dark nights.)



Ed Had a Hunch

Miss ——— received a small and
neatly labeled package. On open-
ing it she exclaimed: How did Ed
know I need these? Notice the
prettily engraved buckles on them.



Schoer

Schoer is a likely lad,
With doughnuts as his only fad,
Though cards and dice
Sometimes entice
Him to the path of rampant vice.



Peckham

When Cupid's tiny dart
Hit Peckham in the heart
He yielded at his leisure
And made a gallant seizure.

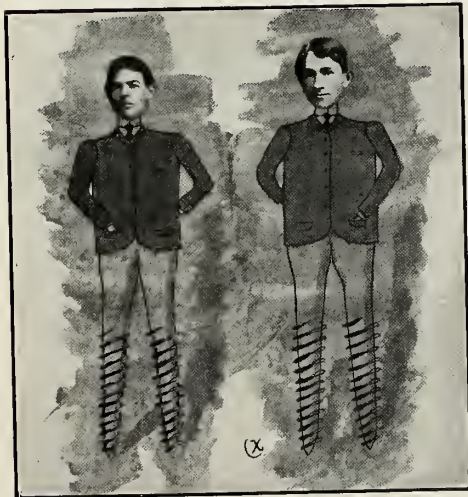
Now he wanders through his
domicile
Blaspheming to himself the
while,
For it seems that every carpet
tack
Has gathered to beset his
track.





Barker

O, Cupid, little God of Love,
Sweet solace render to mankind.
Your little missives from above
Make youth and maid of single mind.



Harrington--Bradshaw
Screw-legs.

Metallurgical Grammar

Re-pan those tailings over again, allow the solution to descend down through on one side, and ascend up through to the top on the other side.

Start the agitator rotating around. Decant off the solution, allow the fine material to settle down to the bottom and then re-use it again.



The Dirge of the Dining-hall

Oh none but the rash
Would eat dining-hall hash
From those ill-smelling stews
they'd abstain;
But we all must partake
Of those dining hall steaks,
Though dyspepsia warns us
in vain.

The stuff they disguise
And call pudding and pies
On the nature of these we've a
hunch;
But the dining-hall steak
That we can't masticate
Is the rottenest fake of the
bunch.

Oh that dining-hall steak
Is an arrant old fake,
Its elastic and lacking in juice;
And God only knows
The alimentary woes
Those steaks in the end will
produce.



A Close Shave

Prof. Wrinkle, in early days, experienced a remarkable adventure.

He relates that on a cold winter's night his boarding house caught fire, and during the conflagration, while trying to save a few of his personal effects, namely, a tooth brush, bandana and snuff-box, he singed his whiskers. He believes it to be the closest shave he ever had.



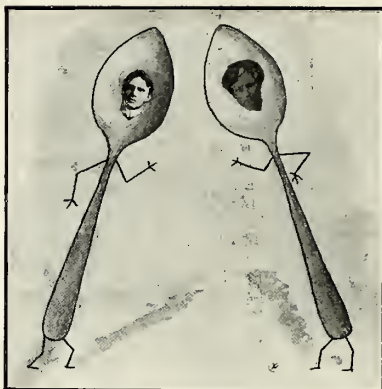
Luke

Major, dear, in the days of olden
 Such men as you were known as bolden.
 With sword and buckler by your side,
 Your stately mein a wench's pride,
 You would outshine the cavaliers
 Who washed old Europe in woman's
 tears;
 Alack-a-day that such as you
 Have dwindled down to just a few.
 Such as Ajax and the red-haired fury,
 Who spend their time at Wieland's
 brewery.



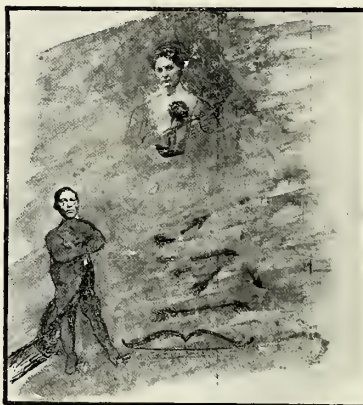
Public Nuisances

Pedestrians continually complain to the
 town authorities that the Old Seminary
 steps are always impassable after dusk,
 owing to the college swains making it a
 trysting place.



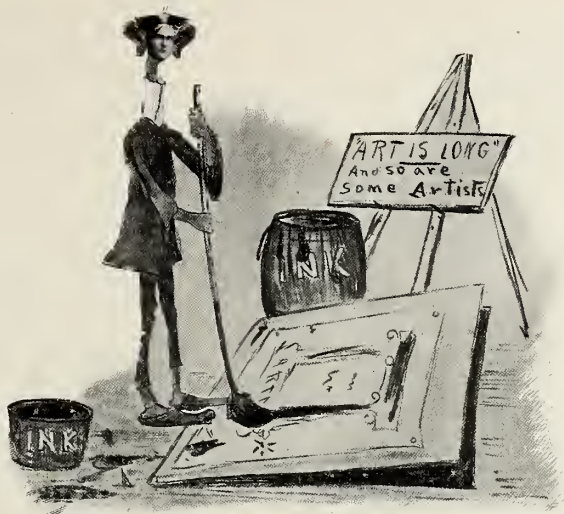
Wright--Warren

Under moon, two loving spoons,
 Went for a moonlight stroll
 Two spoons as sweet
 You'll never meet
 Outside a sugar bowl.



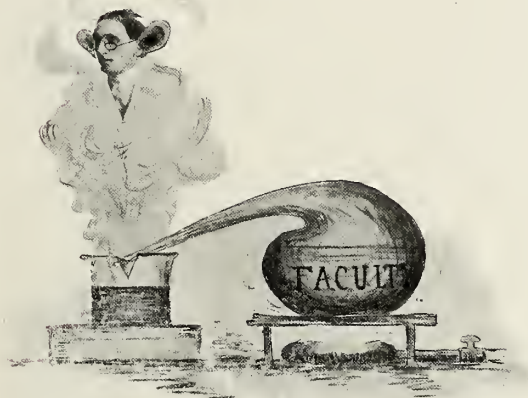
Snapp--Black

Pearline Emiline,
 Won't you be my queen?
 Down in the jungle we
 Will sit and sip our tea,
 Watching the moneys play
 All the livelong day.
 If you will only try
 To love me by and by
 My heart will always beat
 Time for your little feet.



McClintock

"Art is long and time is fleeting,"
 So some long-haired poet said,
 But our Terry still is yearning
 To paint this town a festive red.



Fitzmaurice

Who's ever seen the jovial Fitz
 Compares him to the bubbling Schlitz
 That rises to the brain.
 So to the Faculty he assumes
 The role of concentrated fumes
 That rise to fall as rain.



Wolf

Once Ajax was a hopeful youth,
 Never an hour in idleness was wasted.
 Of late his course is sadly changed, in
 sooth,
 And every new and ancient vice he's
 tasted.



Domestic Arts

Drawn from life at the cooking school.



My Dancing Girl

(Dedicated to John McElroy)

I love to watch my dancing girl:
I like to see her twist and twirl
Her dainty feet high in the air,
While I sit there in wild despair

Ah! would that she

Looked love at me,

Alas! to think that such as I
Should dare to look at one so
high,

Since others have a "coppered
cinch!"

On her. For can't they lynch

All kinds of men

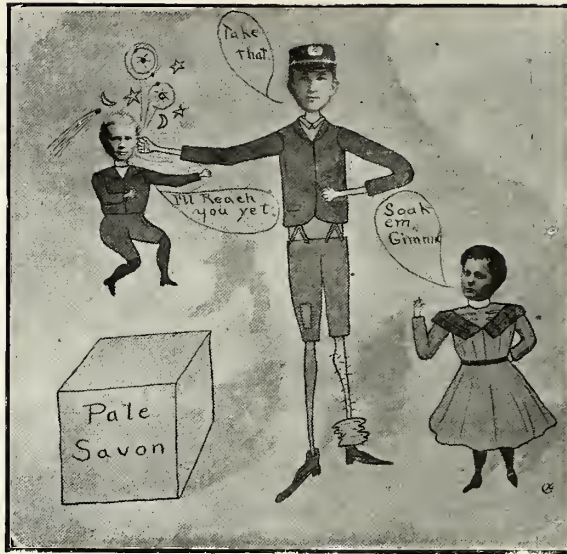
To any old tree?



Tribulations of a Geologist

In the interest
of science, Doc.
Louderback takes
a geological trip,
wherein he meets
with many mis-
haps and suffers
much personal
discomfort.

(Sketched from
life by our special
artist, Johnny-on-
the-Spot.)



Bradshaw--Stewart

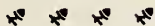
With teeth grit and fists clenched
 They advanced bravely to the fray,
 The spare Gimmie, frail Pinky wrenched
 From his feet that fatal day.
 When the smoke of battle rolled aside
 And the wounded warrior bled,
 There was but one who would abide
 And stroke poor Gimmie's head.



Hart

James Hart when in training.

Stray Bits From a Co-ed's Epistles



Epistle I

MAMA, I want to come home right away. The young ladies here are positively shocking. They are not ladies at all. Some girls wearing square caps, came into the room, when I was in bed. The nasty things they examined my feet. They asked me how many corns I wore. The idea! I, having corns. The oldest girl told me I had to wear stockings to bed, because the faculty said so. The faculty is wise and if you follow its advice, you will not go astray. Why do they do that? Maybe it is to keep my feet warm.

Epistle II

Mama, what is a sorority? Some girls asked me to join a sorority. You don't care, do you? They said I had to take a degree. Ma, what is a degree? You said I came here to take my degree. I guess that's it, I think I will take it. One of the girls here is very sick. She says she has a flunk. Ma, what is a flunk? The girls say it is a disease of the brain, I told her you had a remedy for brain fever. Then she laughed. I wondered why they all giggled. The girls here are all so frivolous.

Epistle III

Mama, I met Mr. Wolf. Mr. Wolf is nice; but Mr. McVicar—the horrid thing—is nasty. Ajax is his first name, he came to see me to-night. He is so funny. He looked flurried and stammered when he talked. He commenced to talk. "Have you" just then the mean old Matron came in "a dog around here." The horrid woman said to him: "Why do you ask that Mr. Wolf?" He pulled his hands and feet in and said: "It seemed so plausible, that I thought I heard my trousers ripping." The Matron blushed, it was funny. "Young man you may go." She pointed to the door and walked out. She looked icy. I went to the door with him. He got confused and said: "Will you be my partner for the Junior Prom?" Oh, he is such a darling. When he was

in the parlor he wanted to say: "Have you a partner for the Junior Prom?" but was ashamed to let the Matron hear him. The mean old thing, she has had lots of fellows. I know it. Isn't Mr. Wolf funny?

Epistle IV

Mr. McVicar is nice, but that Mr. Wolf is simply nasty. On the way home from the dance, Mr. Wolf acted queerly, he said my cheeks were red and luscious as apples. He looked at me funny, and said apples were good munching. I wondered what he meant, but pretty soon—the nasty thing—he asked for a kiss. I said, "Sir." Then he up, and gave me a smack. It isn't so naughty. He tried it a gain and I—boo—how I slapped him on the face. Mr. McVicar says nice things to me now. Ma, what makes a man slow? They say Mr. McVicar is slow. I don't know why. I think he walks fast. Ajax said Mr. McVicar is a knocker. Ma, what is a knocker? I think it vulgar to say knocker. It doesn't sound nice. I like Mr. McVicar. He is afraid to kiss me, but then he dances swell.

Epistle V

Ma, I think Ajax is simply mean. He must talk about me to the fellows. Every time I pass, they all yell, "Ajax, Ajax." What connection is there between me and Ajax. Mr. McVicar is a good boy. He isn't naughty like Ajax. Mr. McVicar is going to graduate; but Ajax is going to jail so he can come back. He says he doesn't want McVicar in the way. What does he mean by that. If he is going to annoy me, I will get brother to come. He better look out if he does. Harry Donsethewick wants me to be home for the July dance. Now isn't he kind.
LOUISE.



An Open Letter



Found in the Kitchen of the Domestic Science Department

Miss Kate Bardenwerper, Benighted Female:

The tears of self-abnegation are flowing down the wrinkles of my weather-beaten face as I compose this epistle of warning.

Don't, under any circumstances, make any more of those nation-wrecking pies. It fairly passeth my understanding how such fair hands as your own could fashion so diabolical an engine of destruction as that pie you sent to the unsuspecting wretches at Lincoln Hall.

That moth-eaten Terry McClintock was the instigator of the outrage, I know; but I could expect nothing better from a ladies' man.

As a result of your enterprising endeavors three manly forms lie writhing in the agonies of the Inferno.

If you had lived at the time of the Spanish Inquisition your pies would have brought a premium, and your name, terror into the hearts of the masticators.

Hoping this will suppress the further manufacture of those train-wrecking pies. I remain

DR. STUBBS.



Song of the Stein

Oh, the good old stein
Of the old Lone Pine
In visions return to me.
I would that the steams
Which I see in my dreams
Were mine in reality.



Oh, the good old stein
Of the old Lone Pine
Thy vintage is sweeter far
Than the rare old wine
Of a Castallavine
Or Legrave of Malabar.

In that good old stein
Of the old Lone Pine
Are faces, that fade and pass,
Of the long lost friends
In the world's wide ends,
Who drank here many a glass.



Farewell, old stein
Of the old Lone Pine,
Though battered and dingy and old,
Yet the friendship that quaffed
Of thy liquor and laughed
Makes thee dearer to me than gold.

Marconigrams

Since the installation of the Marconi system in our office we have been kept busy by many varied and numerous inquiries. I have jotted down a few.

Ting-ling-aling—Hello!

* * * * *

Ah! Is that you Jerry?

* * * * *

You want nothing said concerning that remark Friesell made about you and ne and Pork and Fan being the Big Four of the school in the social whirl.

o o o

Brr-rrr-rrrr—(Answer it Mac I am busy writing this biography of Mrs. Blume.)

* * * * *

This is Miss Plum, or I am mistaken.

* * * * *

You heard there was going to be something published in the Artemisia.

* * * * *

I will suppress anything concerning the cultivation of your graceful carriage. Good-bye.

o o o

Ting-ling, Brrrr-rrr.

* * * * *

Hello! Sayde.

* * * * *

Oh! I know your voice.

* * * * *

What, you deny saying he had the prettiest hair and loveliest eyes of any boy on the campus?

* * * * *

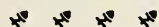
Alright I will not send it to the press.

Preparatory Department

8th Grade, Grammar Class

Teacher: Katie, compare "good".

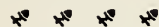
Katie: Positive "good," comparative, "well" superlative "*Weller*."



Chemistry Class

"Bosco" Drake, (also 7th Grade) was informed by Prof. Fitzmaurice that the Phosphates would be absent in the ex. on the following day.

Without a moment's thought Bosco deliberately announced that he would be a Phosphate.



Geography Class

8th Grade

Prof. Lewers: Where are the Bahama Islands?

Arnot: They lie on the east coast of South America, near the Cape of Good Hope.



The Proctor's Haunts

"The Proctor, the Proctor, where is the Proctor?"

"In the Orpheum, Your Majesty, keeping tab on the innocents."
"Tis well, 'tis well, for should he stray into the haunts of the luscious
lager he would see many brave schooners sunk to their last rest. Or
should he invade the Owl he would witness the ebb and flow of many
dimes and quarters into the insatiable bank of the tiger.

Yea, 'tis well that he is in the Orpheum for truly they do there dis-
pense a most noxious brand of morality, and coffin-varnish, and the
chances of the victim enticed into this dubious den are like unto those
of a man with tallow legs in the realms of Pluto. Verily, 'tis well."



Keep A-Goin'

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin'.
If it hails, or if it snows
Keep a-goin'.
'Taint no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain't on your line,
Bait your hook and keep on tryin',
Keep a-goin'.



When the Winter kills your crop,
Keep a-goin'.
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin'.
S'pose you're out of every dime,
Gitting broke ain't no crime,
Tell the world you're feeling fine,
Keep a-goin'.



When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'.
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin'.
See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like singing—sing,
Keep a-goin'.

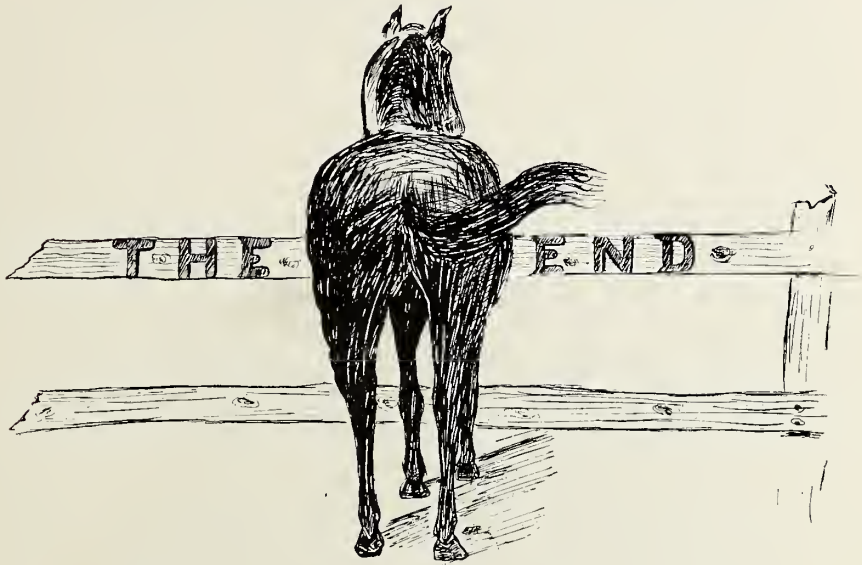
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General information furnished, at any time, on all subjects from the
most efficacious corn-salve to the future conduct of your fair lady.

All cases undertaken however difficult.

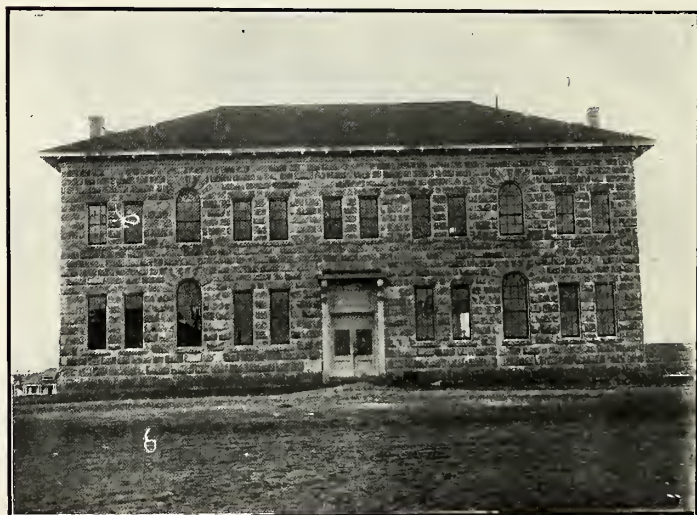
Money refunded if hunches are not satisfactory.

<i>Lord Mogul Absolute</i>	HEIZER
<i>Assistant Prognosticator</i>	SAXON
<i>Royal High Wire-tapper</i>	RIORDAN
<i>Clincher of Prophecies</i>	WRINKLE





Cadet Battalion at Drill



The New Chemistry Building

SEPTEMBER 10. Miss Hand receives an avowal of undying love from a red-whiskered cavalier of Sweetwater.

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SEPTEMBER 12. Baldy runs away with the water wagon, and almost overtook Prof. Young as he was walking across the campus.

SEPTEMBER 20. Rumored that Miss De Laguna is engaged.

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136 Virginia Street

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SEPTEMBER 26. Modoc disbands his lynchers and returns to college.

SEPTEMBER 30 B. F. O'H. organizes the Y. M. C. A. and is elected president.

The Cann Drug Co.

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school. A larger demand for
our graduates than we can
possibly supply. Send for a
catalogue.** ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

OCTOBER 2. The water in Orr's ditch begins to rise. Dr. Stubbs becomes very excited, expecting any moment to see the University swept away.

OCTOBER 7. Bryant, '05, (Atheist) goes to Sunday school.

Alamo Hereford Stock Farm



ARMOUR ROSE

JOHN SPARKS • RENO, NEVADA

OCTOBER 10. Commandant becomes attentive; Whit, nervous.

OCTOBER 12. Prof. Wrinkle does not swear for a full hour.

The State Bank & Trust Co.

CARSON CITY, NEVADA

Capital Paid Up - - - - - \$200,000
Deposits - - - - - 433,000

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furnished with teams at reduced rates. Horses for sale or trade. We do business
for cash at cash prices.

OCTOBER 20. Roberts (ex-'04) enters society. (Rather good looking, you see).

OCTOBER 22. Wolf, '03, announces his engagement at a C. S. U. meeting.

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OCTOBER 24. Harrington, '03, and Wright, '04, recount their gallant charge with Teddy up San Juan hill.

OCTOBER 29. Jackminot discovers Weller with a chew of Battle Axe in his mouth.

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and Cutlery, Stoves and Ranges
Wagons, Buggies, Carriages and
Carts, Harness and Robes, Farm
and Garden tools, Deering Mow-
ers, Binders and Rakes, Osborne
Harrows, Rakes, Mowers and
Binders, Oliver Chilled Plows,
Solid Comfort Plows, Builders
Hardware and Carpenter's Tools,
Building and Roofing Paper,
Lime and Cement, Nails and
Wire, Plumbing and Plumbers'
Goods, De Laval Cream Separa-
tors and Dairy Supplies, Peta-
luma Incubators.



We own and operate the only
Creamery in Reno, where we
make our own Creamery Butter
and Cheese.



Call and see us or write for
Prices.

**Reno and    Commercial Street,
Virginia City, Nev. Elko, Nevada  **

The largest Hardware and Sup-
ply Store in Eastern Nevada.
Dealers in all kinds of Farming
Implements and McCormick
Mowers.



Studebaker Wagons for heavy
Mountain Service.



Spring Wagons, Road Wagons
and Buggies.



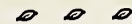
Barbed wire, Rope, Hardwood,
Paints, Oils, Varnishes and
Painters Supplies.



Heating and Cooking Stoves of
all descriptions.



A full line of the best Steel
Ranges.



Grain, flour and all kinds of Mill
Stuffs.

OCTOBER 30. Cameron, '04, visits the Chutes to inspect the latest in incubators.

Riverside Hotel



H. J. Gosse
Proprietor...

Free Bus to All Trains

Phone 113 Main

South Virginia St., Reno

TAYLOR BROS.

*Barber Shop Is
the Swellest....*



*Yes, Indeed. The swellest
and best equipped tonsorial
parlors in Nevada* *****

**Baths 25 Cents. Haircutting
25 Cents, Shaving 15 Cents**



**SMITH BUILDING,
RENO, NEVADA**

R. Herz & Bro.

*Diamonds, Watches
and Jewelry* *****



*Our 25 years experience en-
ables us to give our patrons
the most intrinsic value for
their money* *****

**Glass pins to order. U. of N.
souvenir spoons a specialty**



**235 VIRGINIA ST.
RENO, NEVADA**

Perkins & Oliver



G. W. Perkins
G. R. Oliver...

Funeral Directors & Embalmers

Phone 231 Main

226-228 Sierra Street, Reno

NOVEMBER 8. The portals of Lincoln Hall are not closed until ten minutes past ten.
Fitz severely reprimanded for his negligence.

NOVEMBER 10. Prof. Y.—“Mr. O'Hara, what is meant by the term, 'f. o. b.' in business?” Barney (quickly)—“Full of beer.”

Porteous Decorative Co.,

—DEALERS IN—

	WALL PAPER	
---	-------------------	---

Large Stock to Select From. Send for Samples.
Prompt Attention to Mail Orders.

135 Virginia St.

Reno, Nevada

Nearly 40 Years



Of incomparable Uniform making. We make a better, more serviceable and satisfactory

COLLEGE UNIFORM

for the money than any other house in America. Ask any College, the majority contract with us. Catalogue and prices free. Address

THE M. C. Lilley & Co.
Columbus, Ohio



Hodgkinson

DRUGGIST

Full Line of Drugs Chemicals, Toilet Articles, Cameras, Etc.






231 Virginia St., Reno

The Troy Laundry Company

—RENO, NEVADA—

	TELEPHONE MAIN 371	
---	---------------------------	---

The Only Modern Steam Laundry in the
State of Nevada.

EDGAR LEAVITT    **University Agent**

NOVEMBER 12. The Hunches organize a "General Information Bureau."

NOVEMBER 16. Chaw takes his first dinner out with the Layde.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

DIRECTORS

Geo. S. Nixon John Sibbald F. M. Lee R. C. Moore H. Busch

CASH CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$100,000

The only National Bank in Nevada. The bank will receive deposits buy and sell foreign exchange, make loans and do a general banking business.

OFFICERS

GEO. S. NIXON, President J. SIBBALD, Vice President F. M. LEE, Cashier
WINNEMUCCA, NEVADA

WHEN YOU WANT
GOOD △△△

Teas, Coffees, Spices,
Baking Powder, Ex-
tracts, Chocolates, Rice
Crackers, Soda, China
Crockery, Glassware,
Lamps, Clocks, En-
amelware, Household
Goods, and

*Big premiums free
at the lowest prices
on earth*

CALL AND SEE
US

RENO, NEVADA

RENO MEAT CO
BUTCHERS △△△

*Wholesale and Re-
tail Dealers In*

BEEF, PORK,
MUTTON,
VEAL, LAMB,
ETC.

Truckee Market
225 Virginia St.
Phone 243 Main

Reno Meat Market
25 Commercial Row
Phone 341 Main

ADDRESS
ALL MAIL
TO
P. O. BOX
498

RENO, NEVADA

BANK OF NEVADA

DIRECTORS

Daniel Meyer, Geo. F. Turrittin, M. Sheeline, Henry Anderson, J. N. Evans, Herbert Fleishhacker,
H. M. Gorham, Richard Kirman, C. E. Mack, J. B. Overton, P. L. Flanigan.

PAID UP CAPITAL - - - \$600,000

Accounts of banks, corporations and individuals received on favorable terms.
Interest paid on time deposits. Buy and sell exchange on all the principal cities
of the United States, Canada, Europe, Asia and Africa Safe deposit boxes for
rent, prices varying according to size.

OFFICERS

GEO. F. TURRITTIN, President, M. SHEELINE, Vice Pres. RICHARD KIRMAN, Cashier
A. G. RAYCRAFT, Asst. Cashier and Secretary

VIRGINIA ST. RENO, NEVADA

NOVEMBER 24. Prof. Louderback arrives to class room before second bell.

NOVEMBER 25. Cottage fillies instigate a reproof on unruly members, broken bones, hair-pulling, broom-handles, etc., etc., in prominence.

P. L. Flanigan, President Jas. Dunn, Vice Pres. S. M. Sample, Secretary and Manager

FLANIGAN WAREHOUSE CO.

INCORPORATED

WOOL WAREHOUSE—GENERAL STORAGE—Salt, Cement, Lime, Sulphur, Paper, Agents for Nevada Sulphur Co., Federal Salt Co., Lawes' Sheep Dip. Sole Agent Bain Wagons, Champion Mowers, Holingsworth Tiger Rakes

EAST FOURTH STREET, RENO, NEVADA
Telephone 253 Main



P. L. Flanigan

U. M. Slater

NEVADA MEAT COMPANY

WHOLESALE SLAUGHTERERS

PRIME BEEF, MUTTON, AND FORK. Agents for Armour Packing Company. All our Hams and Bacon are cured in the East and smoked in Reno. Our cold storage plant is modern, thus making our facilities unsurpassed

EAST FOURTH STREET, RENO, NEVADA
Telephone 253 Main

NOVEMBER 30. Ajax swears off.

DECEMBER 2. The Regents decide that all students shall attend chapel regularly, therefore the office of "PROCTOR" is created.

Reno Mill & Lumber Co.

General Line of Mill Work

**Builders' Materials of All Descriptions.
Wholesale Manufacturers of Bee Material.**

*Saw Mills
Plumas Co. Cal.*

*Office East Fourth Street
Reno, Nevada*

"The Model"
Harry Davis, Prop.

C. H. Eaton Co.

*** Dealer in ***

CIGARS

Domestic & Imported
Cigarettes, Smokers'
Articles and all the
latest books and mag-
azines. Indian Curios
School Supplies, Sta-
tionery, Cutlery, etc.

*** Dealers in ***

Dry Goods

Groceries, Hardware
Tinware and General
Merchandise, wagons
McCormick Mowers,
Rakes, Plows, Har-
rows and Cultivators

5 West Commercial Row
Reno, Nevada ♦♦♦♦♦

Only Best Stock Carried
Gardnerville, Nev, ♦♦

*David W. Rulison, D. D. S.
Helen M. Rulison, D. D. S.*

DENTISTS

**Over Tassell's Store
Phone 241 Green**

**218 Virginia Street
Reno, Nev**

Duties of Proctor. I.—Any male student seen on the street during church hour shall be reported.

2.—You shall make a weekly visit to the Girls' Cottage and ascertain the wants of said place and report directly to the Regents.

The Golden Rule

Clothiers & Gents'
Furnishers e e e e

Hats, Caps, Furnishings
Boots, Shoes, Neckwear
etc., etc. e e e e e

Orders Promptly
Attended to e e

M. Frank & Co.
Virginia Street. Reno, Nev.

S. Jacobs, Clothier

& Leading Gents'
Furnisher e e e e

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps,
Valises, Trunks, etc.
Agency M. C. Lilley &
Co's Uniforms e e e e

Mail Orders Our
Specialty e e e e e

Commercial Row
& Virginia St., Reno, Nev.

Tuxedo Suits

Designed by Foster com-
mand admiration at the
theatre, small dinners,
stag parties and other in-
formal dress affairs. The
knowledge that Foster is
your draper dispels all
apprehensions, either as
to style or graceful fit

Sidney C. Foster
Virginia Street, Reno, Nev

A. W. Fox

Merchant Tailor



Imported and do-
mestic suitings on
hand at all times



249 Virginia Street
Reno   Nevada

3.—You shall call monthly and receive remittance—the State is rich.

4.—You should observe closely the attitudes of couples going and coming from church; any man holding his sweetheart's hand shall be reported without fail.

W. J. Luke _____

Telephone 371 Green

BLACKSMITH

Always Reliable

*Virginia Street,
Reno, Nevada*

A. North _____

Only Artists Employed

Palace Barber Shop

Five Chairs Constantly Running

*Commercial Row
Reno, Nevada*

Shepard & Cox _____

Life Insurance

NEW YORK LIFE

A Veritable Klondike at Home

*Clough Building
Reno, Nevada*

C. H. Mott _____

Telephone 171 Green

Bookseller and Stationer

Specialty of School Supplies

*Virginia Street
Reno, Nevada*

5.—Students who visit the elephant without asking you along shall be reported. They have no business there without someone to explain items of interest.

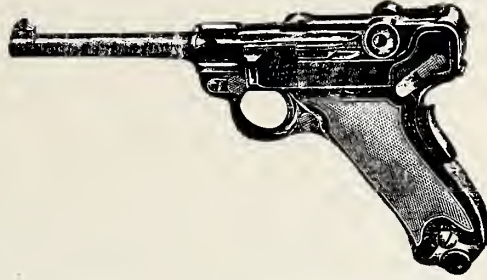
DECEMBER 2.—Ajax falls off the water wagon.

Matt A. Parrott

GUNSMITH

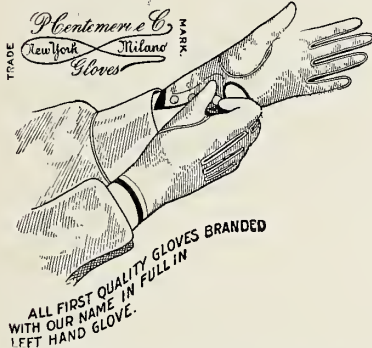
All kinds of fishing
tackle, amunition and
sporting goods

Reno, Nevada



Sole Agents for

P. Centemeri & Co
KID GLOVES



NOVELTIES in Dress Goods, Trimmings, Shirt
Waists, Skirts, Hosiery, Ribbons, etc., etc.
Agent for Reliance Wrappers, Velvet Grip Garters,
P. N. Corsets, Centemeri Kid Gloves
Sol Levy THE DRY GOODS AND
CARPET HOUSE
205 Virginia St. Reno, Nev.



**Furniture Dealers and
Upholsterers....**

Mail orders promptly
attended to....

DONNELLS & STEINMETZ
Reno, Nevada



Washoe & Piute

**ART
EMPORIUM**

Carson, Nevada

DECEMBER 10.—Prof. Young arrives one minute late to class.

DECEMBER 15. Modoc returns to Alturas, presumably to resume his office of "ropeman."

E. J. DWYER & CO. Successors to J. B. Shaw & Son

Dealers in Clothing, Gents' Furnishing
Goods, Hats, Caps and Men's and Boys'
Fine Shoes ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA



Canady & Sadleir
Proprietors ◊ ◊ ◊



**Commercial Row and
Center Streets, Reno**

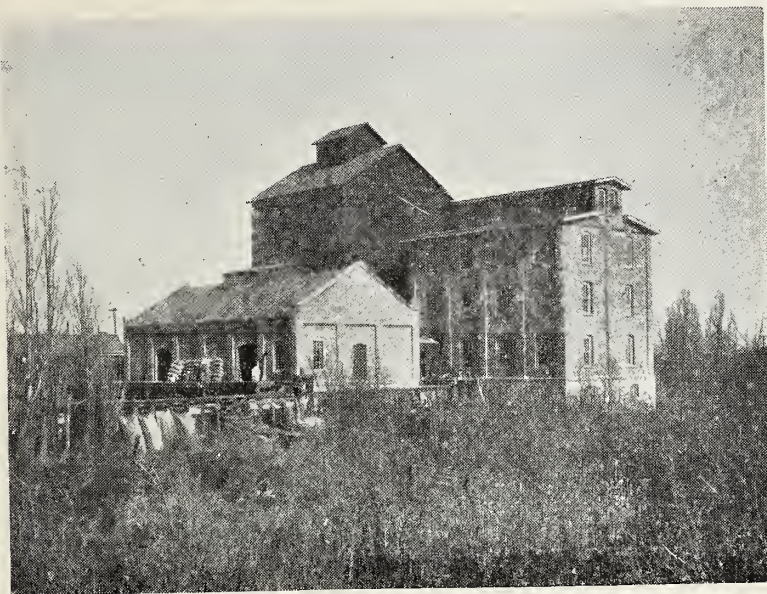
DOUGLAS COUNTY BANK Of A. Jensen

Transacting a general banking business.
Buy and sell exchange on the principal
cities of the United States and Europe.
Deposits Received. ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

GARDNERVILLE, NEVADA

DECEMBER 16. Miss Hand receives a written proposal from Le Caviliere de Stillwater.

DECEMBER 25.—Xmas. (Free drinks.) Bradshaw '03 forgets to stay home.



CAPITAL \$100,000

A. H. Manning, President
H. M. Martin, Vice President
Washoe County Bank, Treasurer
C. T. Bender, Secretary
W. L. Cox, Asst. Sec'y and Manager

Riverside Mill Company



Has the most completely
equipped mill on the
Pacific Coast

Merchant Millers

Manufacturers and dealers in
the best roller process flour for
family and baker's use. Meals
of all kinds. Grain for feed and
seed. Mill stuffs and bags.

Reno, Nevada

JANUARY 1.—New Years Day. The Knockers held their annual election. McVicar was acknowledged to be their King; Roberts, Prime Minister.

JANUARY 10.—Catlin goes to the train to meet his lady, but, alas, Choppie she fails to recognize you.

The
CARSON
"NEWS"



Dunn & Lemmon
Published daily
Sunday excepted.
Carson, Nevada

Grey, Reid & Wright Co.

WILL occupy their new store
corner Virginia and First
streets, after August 15, 1903

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Hats,
Clothing, Trunks, Ladies' Ready-
to-wear Goods * * * *

We make a specialty of mail
orders. Prompt attention always

PHONE 285 BROWN

RENO, NEVADA

J. W. McVICAR, President

J. O'BANION, General Manager

SMITH VALLEY CREAMERY CO.

Producers of first-class Butter, bringing
the highest prices in San Francisco,
Sacramento and Tonopah * * *

Send us a trial order

SMITH, NEVADA

The
Gardnerville
"RECORD"



S. Southworth Prop
C. E. Southworth,
Editor
Gardnerville, Nev.

THE LONE PINE....

STAFF

Felix McVicar *Bouncer*
Judge Lynch McElroy *Booze Clerk*
Rev. A. T. Taylor *Roustabout*

Our Best Customers and Their
Testimonials * * * *

"Bill" Schoer: Fine style. Stewart: The
best the world produces. Manager Erick-
son: It hits me just right. Leadbetter: Fill
'em up again.

WOLF & WHITAKER, Props.

JANUARY 20.—Weller '04 does not go strolling tonight. O'Neil '05 spends a delightful evening.

JANUARY 27.—Peckham obtains leave of absence (?) retires to Frisco and returns a benedict.

Reno Chamber of Commerce

ITS objects are to promote immigration, to encourage manufacturing enterprises, the development of the vast resources of the State and to maintain permanent exhibits of mineral and other products from every county in Nevada and the eastern counties of California that lie on the west border of Nevada

OFFICERS:

S. M. SAMPLE, President H. J. DARLING, Vice-Pres.
J. A. FITZGERALD, Treasurer.

DIRECTORS:

H. J. DARLING, R. W. PARRY, S. M. SAMPLE,
SOL LEVY, J. M. MCCORMACK.

Public exhibit room opposite the Southern Pacific Railroad depot, Reno, Nevada. Printed matter and information regarding the resources furnished on application to the Secretary and General Manager.

G. W. INGALLS

Phone, Green 471.

Secretary and General Manager

Lake Tahoe Railway and Transportation Co.

TIME TABLE

5 P. M. *	3 A. M. *	1 A. M. †			2 A. M. *	4 P. M. †	6 P. M. *
6:20	11:00	7:00	Lv. Truckee.	Ar.	9:50	5:50	9:20
7:05	11:45	7:45	Lv. Deer Park.	Lv.	5:15	5:15	8:35
7:20	12:00	8:00	Ar. Tahoe.	Lv.	9:00	5:00	8:20

† May 15th to October 15th.

* June 1st to September 30th, ONLY

Breakfast and Supper at Tahoe Tavern.

Truckee to Truckee, without stopover, \$5.00 Truckee to Truckee, with stopover, good for 90 days, \$6.00. Sunday Excursion Tickets, from Truckee to Truckee, \$3.00.

Party of fifteen or more can always obtain excursion rates on any day as per above Sunday excursion rates.

Steamers Nevada and Meteor can be chartered at rate of \$1.50 for each person, with minimum charge of \$35 a day. In excess of that number \$1.50 each.

Inquire at any Southern Pacific Co. office for Lake Tahoe rates, or

D. L. BLISS, Jr.,

Tahoe City, Cal.

JANUARY 28.—8:20 train, Ollie goes to Carson. 11:20 train Choppie goes to Carson.

FEBRUARY 1.—Kelly '03 is in trouble.

Chas. M. Graham

THE NEVADA



The finest of goods sold over
the bar. Next to the Nevada
Hotel * * * * *

Battle Mountain, Nevada

Fashion Shaving Parlors....

The only First-class
Up-to-date Barber-
shop in Nevada....

HOT AND COLD BATHS

Five chairs running
constantly. No. 247
Virginia St. Reno

Merklinger Bros.

Palace Tonsorial Parlors....

Shaving, hair cut-
ting and shampoo-
ing artistically done

HOT AND COLD BATHS

Razor Honing Our
Specialty. Entirely
New and First-class

W. M. PIGGOTT
Winnemucca, Nevada....

Johnson & Torrey

THE TURF....



Best equipped bar in the town
Pool and billiard rooms in
connection * * * * *

Lovelock, Nevada


FEBRUARY 2.—He decided to let the matter drop.

FEBRUARY 6.—Corporal Stark misses guard de-tail to his disgust.

Golconda Hot Springs Hotel

Golconda, Nevada    



*The table is unexcelled.
The baths are famous for
their healing properties* 






OCCIDENTALHOTEL....

First Class Accommodations. Newly Furnished Throughout. Table Is Unexcelled. Terms Reasonable.



J. H. McCracken
Railroad St., Lovelock, Nev.

BECKWITHHOTEL....

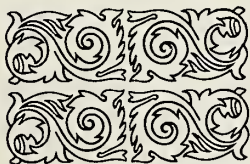
Newly fitted throughout. Terms reasonable. Accommodations first class. Fine wines brandies, liquors and cigars     





A. P. Lafranchini
Beckwith, Plumas Co., Cal.

Young's Hotel

The Largest Hotel in Lovelock



*Meals at all hours. Finest
bar in America*  
Muller & Van Reed, Props.

FEBRUARY 12.—Heiser publishes a new edition of hunches.

**who's your tailor ?
why,**

JOE JARVIS

He makes all those smart
clothes you see worn by
up-to-date students

**over Gray. Reid @
Wright Co's store
Reno, Nevada**





**who's your barber?
why,**

BOB JONES

The students' barber.
Bob has the rep for do-
ing first-class work.

**Commercial Row
and Virginia St.
Reno, Nevada....**






J. E. Richardson

  Manufacturer of  

Fine Candies, Ice Cream
and Soda Water Ices

Carson, Nevada

Frank Campbell

  Dealer in   

Groceries and Provision,
Vegetables, Tobaccos, Ci-
gars, Candies etc., etc.

Reno, Nevada

F. M. SCHADLER

Builder and Architect

Office, Smith Building, Reno, Nevada

BANK SALOON

Meyer & Sanger, Props.

Sharp beer, fine lunch Carson, Nev.




J. & J. Raycraft Elko Lumber Co.



Livery, Feed and Sale Stables
Horses boarded by the day or
week or month at reasonable
prices



Wholesale and retail dealers in
lumber, shingles, doors, win-
dows, mouldings, coal, lime
and building papers.

Carson and Genoa, Nev. Elko, Nevada   

MARCH 1.—Proctor doing splendid work. Dr. Stubbs and Dean Thurtell highly pleased.

MARCH 5.—Miss Shier 2d H. S. writes a poem for the "Student Record."
Critic: "Very good for one so young."





After the Game

*Celebrate your victory
or drown your sorrow at*



The *WINE HOUSE*



*The Largest Sporting
Palace in the State. El-
egantly furnished suites
and single rooms. The
best of everything on
hand at all times*  

Spiro Francivich
Commercial Row, Reno, Nevada

MARCH 10.—Blowflies descend upon the Cottage for their weekly singing.

MARCH 19.—Schoer applies for passage to foreign lands.

General Merchandise

C. M. Sparks



Wedekind, Nevada

The ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
PALACE BAKERY



*The best of fresh Bread,
Pies, Cakes, Cookies and
Buns* ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

*Always
On
Hand

Fresh
Every
Day*



*French, Plain and Mixed
Candies. Ice Cream and
Wedding Cake* ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

RENO, NEVADA

Phone 234 Green

236 Virginia Street

**LOVELOCK
COMMERCIAL CO.**



*Hardware, Farming Im-
plements, of all kinds. Dry
goods, groceries and lumber*

*Only
The
Best
Goods
In
Stock*



*A Complete Drug Stock
With Competent Druggist
in Charge* ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

LOVELOCK, NEVADA

Prices to Suit the Times. Try us by Mail

Depot House Saloon

Chas. Ehlers



Winnemucca, Nev.

MARCH 26.—Erickson '03 appointed Basketball manager.

APRIL 5.—Tests made on Dining Hall steaks to determine their irrisistance to penetrating body.

BLUE RIBBON & DUKE
Best on Earth

CIGARS



W. W. CONANT
Virginia St. Reno, Nev.

**GIBSON, MATTHEWS
& YOUNG**

The
Beckwith
Merchants

All kinds of produce,
groceries, men's fur-
nishing goods, ladies
and children's fine
wearing apparel. Ex-
cellent line of boots
and shoes.

BECKWITH, CAL.

A. W. GOBLE

The
Wells
Merchant

Dealer in General
Merchandise, Staple
and Fancy groceries
Gent's Furnishing
Goods, Hats, Caps,
Boots, Shoes, Hard-
ware, etc.

WELLS, NEVADA

**Furnishing goods, hats, caps
boots, shoes, trunks, valises**

GENT'S



J. ROSENBAUM
C Street, Virginia City, Nev.

APRIL 6.—Petty 'o6 falls into the pond. Seniors pull him out.

MAY 13.—4 p. m. All the Cottage co-eds have wormed it out of "easy Jimmie."

CHARLES T. ABBOTT, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office—138 Virginia St. Phone Main 501
Reno, Nevada.

DR. J. C. HENNESSY, D. D. S.

Dentist

Office—Over Farmers and Merchants
Bank. Phone Main 501, Reno Nevada.

A. C. STECKLE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office—Over Farmers and Merchants
Bank, Reno, Nevada.

DR. C. A. COFFIN, D. D. S.

Dentist

Office—Over Brookins' Store. Hours—
9 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 5 P. M.
Reno, Nevada.

DR. F. P. QUINN, D. D. S.

Dentist

Office—234 Virginia Street, Reno,
Nevada.

RYAN & STINSON,

**Men's Furnishings, Hats, Caps, Boots,
Shoes, etc.**

Virginia City, Nevada.

J. A. CONBOIE,

Funeral Director and Embalmer

39-41 South C Street, Virginia City
Nevada.

J. BELCOVE,

Watchmaker and Jeweler
Spectacles fitted by an oculist.
Carson City, Nevada.

A. W. H. HELBERG,

Watchmaker and Jeweler

Agency Cleveland Bicycles, Gardner-
ville, Nevada.

H. F. PAVOLA,

Boot and Shoemaker
Repairing

31 Commercial Row, Reno, Nevada.

FRANK SULLIVAN,

**Candies, Nuts, Fruits, Cigars, Cigar-
ettes, Etc.**

Virginia City, Nevada

LESTER R. MERRILL

Designer and Expert Picture Framer

22 Second Street, Reno, Nevada.

H. W. DUNCAN,

**Maker of Ice Cream, Tamalies, Soft
Drinks, Candies, Nuts, Tobacco**

Winnemucca, Nevada.

THAXTER DRUG STORE,

**Drugs, Patent Medicines, Photo
Supplies**

J. M. Johnson, Proprietor, Carson City,
Nevada.



THE JOURNAL PRESS
First-Class Book and Commercial Printing
16 E. SECOND STREET ❀ ❀ RENO, NEVADA



MAY 13.—11 p. m. ARTEMISIA Editors hold an indignation meeting upstairs in the Journal office. Promises to be "somethin' doin'."

MAY 12.—'03 finishes her final examinations.

THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL C. Ahern, Proprietor Virginia City, Nevada.	ROBERT RANHUT, Shaving Parlors Virginia City, Nevada.
"THE CLUB" H. J. Berry, Proprietor Battle Mountain, Nevada.	J. M. DAVIS, Bookseller and Stationer Virginia City, Nevada.
WINNEMUCCA HOTEL, D. Giroux, Proprietor Winnemucca, Nevada.	O. T. WILLIAMS, Attorney-at-Law Elko, Nevada.
THE HORTON COMPANY, General Merchandise Battle Mountain, Nevada.	DR. W. H. HOOD, M. D. Physician and Surgeon Battle Mountain, Nevada.
J. A. GOMES, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Etc. Golconda, Nevada.	F. X. MURPHY, Attorney-at-Law Winnemucca, Nevada.
F. A. PRESTON, Wholesale and Retail Butchers Lovelock, Nevada.	DR. W. T. LAWSON, M. D. Dentist 54 South C. Street Virginia City Nev.
J. S. SMELSER, Fruits, Candies, Vegetables Battle Mountain, Nevada.	FARRINGTON & MACK Attorney-at-Law Office—Virginia Street, Reno, Nevada.
G. N. SHALLENBERGER, General Merchandise Golconda, Nevada.	MRS. M. J. ABEL, Art Needle Work. Needle work Taught Winnemucca, Nevada.

MAY 13—10 a. m. Jimmie McKnocker gets onto a cartoon which is going into the Big Book.

MAY 6.—Miss Weir and Ajax each confiscate an account book from the Y. M. C. A.

ENGRAVING
IN ALL ITS
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MAY 7.—Miss Weir's theft is unsuccessful, but Ajax has escaped the county bastille.

MAY 8.—Bradshaw plays the detective and made a raid on the Y. W. C. A. rooms for his fee.

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<p>THE NEW STUDIO</p>		<p>Painter, The Photographer</p>

MAY 8.—Ze omnipotent him create ze mighty debating team all by him loneliness.

APRIL 25.—Terrible Terry receives a letter from S. F. offering to make matters right for \$130.

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MAY 1.—Choppie responds to a toast at the A. T. P. fandango, and is warmly applauded by the æsthetic bunch for the perfumed blasts of balloon juice.

APRIL 10.—Eggs (some pinfeathers and small cackle) included in the bill of fare.

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General Science, School Mining and Metallurgy,
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APRIL 11.—Prof. Cushman picks the Debating Team. A good job (for him).

MAY 14.—Roberts finishes his drawing for Artemesia.

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MAY 15.—Four Co-eds in the institution do not see it. The rest are all favored.

